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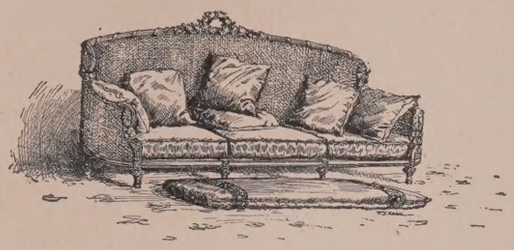

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CONTENTS: OCTOBER, 1913

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		PAGE
COVER: Portrait in colors of Valli Valli in "The Purple Road."		
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Julia Marlowe as Ophelia in "Hamlet."		
TITLE PAGE: Scene in "Much Ado About Nothing"		109
THE NEW PLAYS: "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Fight," "Nearly Married," "Believe Me Xantippe," "The Temperamental Journey," "Where Ignorance Is Bliss," "Potash and Perlmutter," "Her Own Money," "The Family Cupboard," "Who's Who," "Adele," "Sweethearts," "The Doll Girl," "Lieber Augustin," "When Dreams Come True," "America," "Kiss Me Quick."		110
THE POLICE STOP TWO PLAYS—Illustrated		116
HITS OF THE MONTH—Illustrated	*Y. D. G.*	117
SOTHERN AND MARLOWE—AN ESTIMATE—Illustrated	*Oscar W. Firkins*	118
SCENE IN "HAMLET"—Full-page plate		119
TO JULIA MARLOWE, IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"—Poem	*Anne Peacock*	120
WHOSE IS THE LIVING CORPSE IDEA?	*J. Sherrick*	122
SCENES IN "THE TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY"—Full-page plate		123
THE AUTHOR OF "THE LURE"	*F. C. Fay*	124
PROLOGUE—Poem	*Parmlee Brackett*	124
THE CABARET BOOKING AGENCY	*Yetta Dorothea Geffen*	126
SCENES IN "ADELE"—Full-page plate		127
SCENES IN "AMERICA"—Full-page plate		129
POPULAR OPERA AT THE CENTURY THEATRE—Illustrated		131
SCENES IN "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"—Full-page plate		133
TRAINING AN AUDIENCE TO LAUGH—Illustrated	*Al Jolson*	134
SCENES IN "BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"—Full-page plate		135
REMINISCENCES OF MLLE. RHÉA	*By Herself*	137
DECLINE OF THE FRENCH DRAMA	*Harry J. Greenwall*	xvii
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	*F. A. Brown*	xviii

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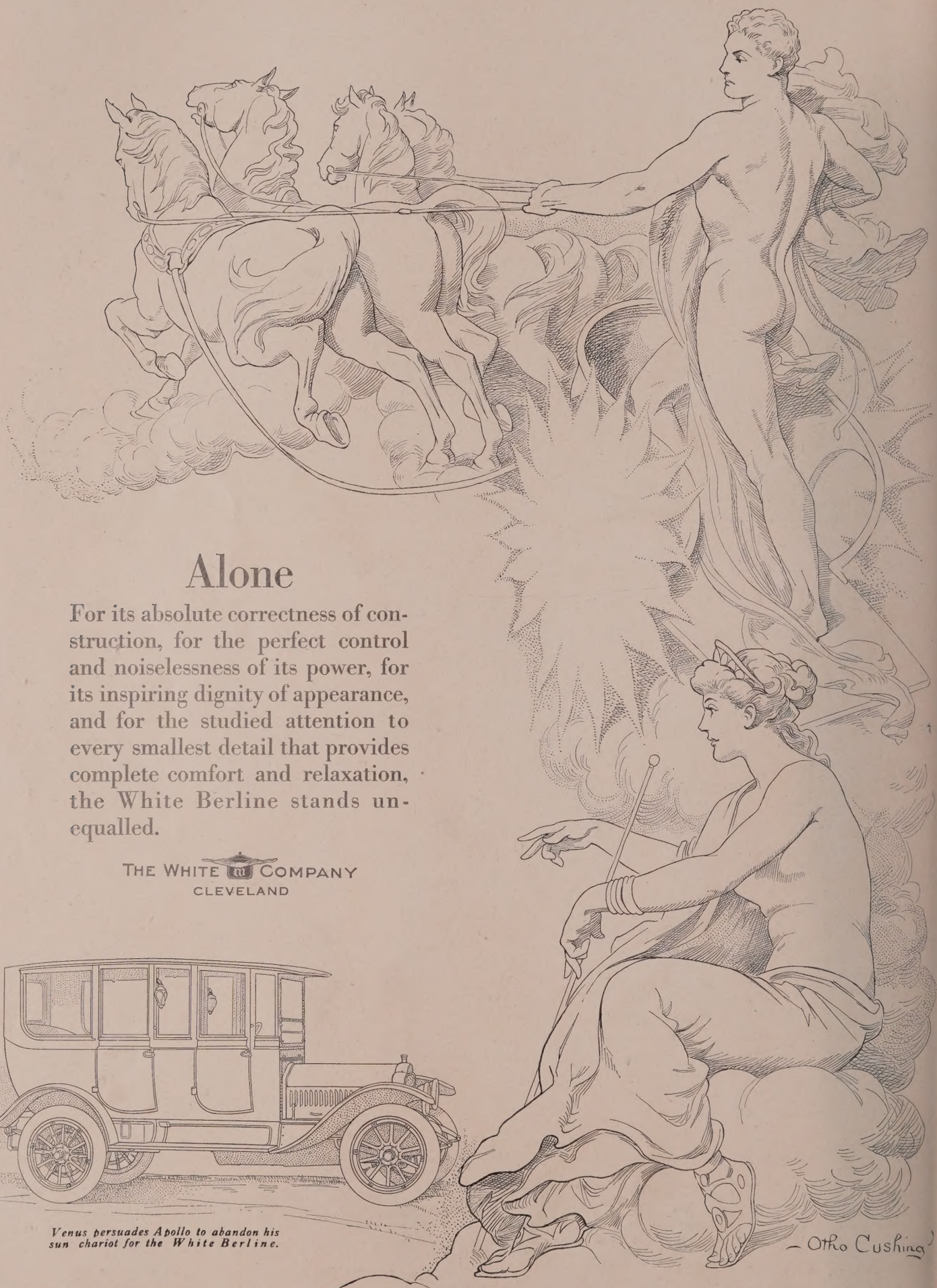

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVIII OCTOBER, 1913 No. 152

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Copyright, 1913, Charles Frohman

Benedick
(John Drew)

Beatrice
(Laura Hope Crews)

Act V. Scene 2. Benedick: "They swore that you were almost sick for me"

SCENE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AS PRESENTED AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

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Laura Hope Crews Bertram Marburgh Mary Boland John Drew Henry Stephenson

Act IV. Friar: "Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day perhaps is but prolonged; have patience, and endure"

SCENE IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

EMPIRE. "Much Ado About Nothing." Comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on September 1 with this cast:

Don Pedro.....Frank Kemble Cooper	Dogberry .....Hubert Druce
Don John.....Frank Elliott	Verges .....Malcolm Bradley
Claudio .....Fred Eric	A Sexton.....Walter Soderling
Benedick .....John Drew	Oatcake .....Rexford Kendrick
Leonato .....Henry Stephenson	Seacole .....Murray Ross
Antonio .....Sidney Herbert	A Boy.....Annie Francis
Balthazar .....Nigel Barry	Hero .....Mary Boland
Conrade .....Herbert Delmore	Beatrice .....Laura Hope Crews
Borachio .....Edward Longman	Margaret .....Florence Harrison
Friar Francis.....Bertram Marburgh	Ursula .....Alice John

Practice is, of course, an absolute essential to a rounded art. The player, if he would be a polished actor, must keep in constant touch with the requirements of the various mediums that go to make up his comprehensive profession. Naturally, therefore, an actor, who on the stage, affects modern clothes for more than a score of years will find it difficult to hark back to sock and buskin with any very great degree of convincing sincerity; all of which is prelude to the fact that come Michaelmas it is more than twenty years since John Drew figured as a protagonist in Shakespeare.

On the eve of Labor Day, one of the hottest nights of the season, Mr. Drew reopened the Empire Theatre as Benedick in a very lavish revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." In spite of his several years under the management of Augustin Daly, Mr. Drew's association with the leading rôles of the Shakespearean drama was never considerable. In those which he enacted he never quite shone with effulgent brilliancy. His Petruchio is best remembered, fine pendant to Ada Rehan's immortal Katharine. If there be a rôle, however, in the library of the Swan of Avon, whose requirements would seem to fit the skill of this player, it is Benedick. If he must act Shakespeare let it be that Messinian courtier and soldier, true embodiment of the perfect man of the world. For in real life Mr. Drew is that, and on the modern stage has he not again and again portrayed its prototype with skill, finesse and effect?

Mr. Drew will play Benedick better than he did on the opening night. It took him a little while to get his stride. But in the scene where he overheard the cheerful conspirations there was nice assumption of pleased surprise while the soliloquy was delivered with that variety and skill of changing detail that betokens the resourceful actor. The interludes with Beatrice were nicely rendered and there was dignity and force in the Cathedral scene. But there for the effect of a curtain too much stress was placed upon farcical means. The finale was brought about with neat theatrical precision and sparkle. But, after all, competent as it was, Mr. Drew's Benedick is too instinct with the spirit of modernity to write it down as perfectly satisfying.

And so with the whole production. However liberal may be the intentions of the management, and Charles Frohman is never niggardly, it would seem, judging from results, to secure competents for a play of this kind an almost hopeless possibility, "Much Ado About Nothing" is not one of Shakespeare's greatest poetical realizations, but it is instinct with wondrous characterization and, therefore, requires *actors*. A Benedick without a splendid Beatrice would be Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark omitted. Laura Hope Crews was the exponent of Leonato's niece. An actress of training, she was more than competent and interesting, but efficient as was the reading and execution, it was yet a Beatrice *in petto*. Still, memories of Ellen Terry will not efface. Miss Crew's success with her

Photo Gilbert & Bacon

CHRISTIE MACDONALD

As Sylvia in "Sweethearts," at the New Amsterdam Theatre

public, however, was genuine. There is, at least for those who have seen big productions, a standard. Frank Kemble Cooper measures up to it. His Don Pedro was dignified and plastic. He wore his clothes with authority and the distinction of the period. His elocution was admirable. Leonato and his elderly brother, Antonio, had the advantage of exponents skilled and drilled in the old school. Generous praise is awarded to Henry Stephenson and Sidney Herbert for their work. Miss Mary Boland, visually, was a most attractive Hero, but her opposite, the Claudio, was altogether lacking in virility, while the three conspirators, Don John, Conrade and Borachio, were about the mildest and most colorless trio that ever set out to hatch a plot. The comedy scenes did not quite get over. Their archaic humor has to be humored. Hubert Druce as Dogberry was too insistent in making his points. There was a nice-toned Balthazar in Nigel Barry, an impressive Friar in Bertram Marburgh, and a highly characteristic Verges in Malcolm Bradley.

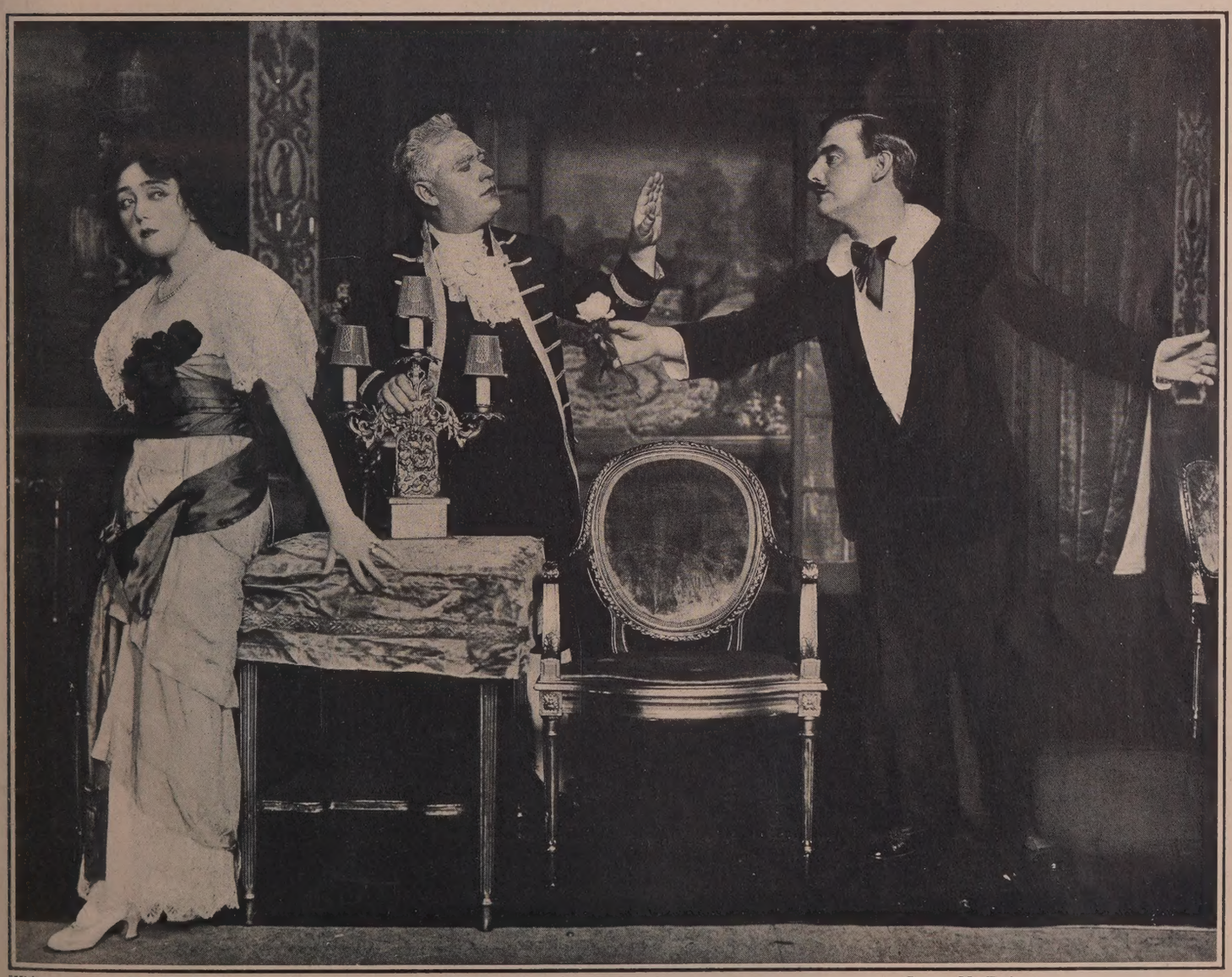
The scenic investment was beautiful and appropriate and the costumes so sumptuously rich and heavy that they literally swamped some of the performers.

HUDSON. "THE FIGHT." Play in four acts by Bayard Veiller. Produced on September 2 with the following cast:

Doctor Root.....Felix Krembs	Cyrus Judson.....William Holden
Edward Norris.....Malcolm Duncan	Edward Throckmorton...Robert Kegereis
Mrs. Edward Norris...Margaret Gordon	Thomas Gaines.....Charles Sturgis
Mrs. Thomas.....Ada Boshell	May Laporte.....Olive Murray
Tom Davis.....Raymond Van Sickle	Factory Child.....Eva Esmond
Helen Thomas.....Clara Mersereau	Piano Player.....G. M. Kling
Daisy Woodford.....Frances Stamford	Pearl Haskel.....Cora Adams
Gertie Davis.....Margorie Wood	Politician .....Fred Moore
Jane Thomas.....Margaret Wycherley	Gladys .....Jeanette Despres
Watson .....Del Le Bar	Madeleine .....Sarah Whiteford
Messenger Boy.....John Dugan	Pansy .....Elza Frederick
Jimmy Callahan.....William McVay	Lizette .....Mary Orr
Senator Woodford...Edward R. Mawson	Edward Keeler.....Charles Halton

This play has achieved much notoriety. Pages have been devoted to it critically, editorials by the foot have been launched against its ethical and sociological claims, and finally the police stepped in. Perhaps there was method in Mr. Bayard Veiller's madness in presenting his play as he did; for rumor has it that when it was first produced in the West it did not contain the second act, which has raised such clamor. In reference to this act there is no doubt that it is a very bold and life-like presentation of a phase of life, old as the centuries which, cope with as they will, sociologists have not yet been able to either eliminate or reform. Some authorities have waxed very furious over its presentation, holding it to be immoral, obscene and degrading. The words in the dialogue are brutally frank, but not salacious. The action therein contained is the proceedings of degraded persons. What they do, however, will never lead to imitation. Whether such happenings should have any place on the stage resolves itself simply into a question of taste, good manners and polite decency. The brutal and the ugly have no place in the arts unless they sincerely serve a purpose, and herein is the weakness of this much-discussed act. It is not really necessary to the development of the playwright's theme. It would seem rather to be an adventitious innovation introduced solely to secure what is now known as "the theatrical punch." Eliminate this scene, and with a few verbal changes "The Fight" can stand on its merits as a bright, original and entertaining comedy, for however serious the intentions of the heroine are, her most dramatic moments have a tinge of the farcical.

Jane Thomas is not only the head of her family, but the head of a Trust Co., founded by her father. She resolves to run for



White May De Sousa Arthur Cunningham George MacFarlane

Act I. The butler interrupts a love scene

SCENE IN THE NEW OPERETTA, "LIEBER AUGUSTIN," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE CASINO

White

Mary Alden (Julia Dean) — Clara Beecher (Beverly Sitgreaves) — Harvey Beecher (George Hassell)

Harvey Beecher gives Mrs. Alden his check while his wife watches the transaction

SCENE IN MARK E. SWAN'S PLAY "HER OWN MONEY," AT THE COMEDY

the mayoralty of a small town in Colorado. Her family violently oppose, but she resolves in her course as she is determined to solve the child labor problem, improve the morals of the town and generally work out one of those moral milleniums that all the reformers of the present day are so eagerly seeking for. Then her troubles begin. Politicians, Federal and local, oppose her by fair and foul means, not the least of which is a run on her Trust Co., which they bring about. How she shows up the moral viciousness of a United States Senator, how she wins over to her side a political heeler; how by her wit and resourcefulness she saves her bank and how she wins the mayoralty and the hand of an altruistic doctor, are all retailed in three acts of ingenious construction, bustling action and genuine humor. This rôle is assumed by Margaret Wycherley, the author's wife, who enacts the exacting rôle with the most gracious personal charm and professional technic. Hers is a real histrionic triumph. The cast in its entirety is excellent. William McVay, in voice and bearing, splendidly suggests the local boss; Edward R. Mawson handles with admirable discretion a most repulsive rôle. The keeper of a disorderly house is pictured in graphic colors by Cora Adams, and Miss Margorie Wood plays a comedy rôle with humor and effect.

GAIETY. "NEARLY MARRIED." Farce in three acts by Edgar Selwyn. Produced on September 5 with the following cast:

Hattie King, Virginia Pearson; Hotel Page, Harry Loraine; Maid at the Hotel, Mabel Acker; Betty Lindsay, Jane Grey; Gertrude Robinson, Ruth Shepley; Tom Robinson, Mark Smith; Waiter, Wm. Phinney; Harry Lindsay, Bruce McRae; Dick Giffon, John Westley; Prince Banjaboulle, Schuyler Ladd; Norah, Georgia Lawrence; Peter Doolin, Robert Fisher; Chauffeur, Wm. Phinney; Hi. Satterlee, Delmar E. Clark; Jack Brooks, Harry Loraine.

In the new offering at the Gaiety Theatre, Mr. Edgar Selwyn has written a farce established on the true and well-tried lines laid down by Scribe and Hennequin and followed thereafter by every other playwright who achieved success at the Palais Royal and other theatres of that kind in the French capital. "Nearly Married" owes a large part of its success to its nice, mechanical quality. That is to say, its action is clock-like in its precision. While the one complication which follows the other *seems* logically to grow out of its predecessor, the greatest care and ingenuity have been brought to bear to bring about this crescendo of comic action and effect. This is not to say that "Nearly Married" is lacking in spontaneity. Describing its method of construction is only to fix its place in the theatrical repertoire. It is a good farce of its kind.

There are three classes of playgoers who will find themselves in front at performances of "Nearly Married." First there is the element that revels in broadly drawn characterization, swift action and constantly succeeding scenes of funny misunderstanding and comic complications. "Nearly Married" will rapturously appeal to this element. There is a second class which prefer the acting to the medium; it will find the cast almost universally satisfactory. And there is still a third contingent to which Mr. Selwyn's farce will appeal less.

The constant interference of a brother has driven Harry and Betty Lindsay into the divorce court. Chance brings them, two of their friends and "the professional co-respondent" together in one of the waiting rooms of a Fifth Avenue hotel. First visibly annoyed that her husband should be taking tea with Hattie King, the co-respondent, the wife, under Harry's fervent plea that he has never ceased to love her, urges her to elope with him to his place on the Hudson. After a hasty exit the brother appears and is informed of the situation. "Impossible!" he exclaims; "an absolute decree has just been signed. They are no longer man and wife; if they are not overtaken, my sister is a ruined woman."

Act two and the final one take place at the Cherry Tree Inn near Oscawana. Fate, rain and broken bottles, the machinations of a wily innkeeper who would not have automobile trade go by

his door, bring the Lindsays, their two friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and Hattie King, the co-respondent, all together once more. To this add a justice of the peace, who would collect his rent and politely blackmail. Let there be a very limited number of rooms into which everyone gets at the wrong time and you have your complications which find their climax when a bolt of lightning sets fire to the garage, where, after more rushing in and out, accompanied by red fire, a satisfactory solution of all is brought about.

Bruce McRae is featured as Harry Lindsay and a very engaging, human and attractive impersonation he makes of it. He is gracefully and prettily supported by Jane Grey, as his wife, and by Mark Smith, as the stolid, blundering and hungry Robinson, and by Ruth Shepley, very fair to look on, as his better-half. Virginia Pearson, as the co-respondent, sketches a Broadway type with becoming verisimilitude. The Indian innkeeper, Prince Banjaboulle, once at Sherry's, and his Irish wife, formerly of the cloak-room, are neatly and humorously portrayed by Schuyler Ladd and Georgia Lawrence. Robert Fisher is droll as the justice of the peace, and John Westley makes an explosive brother-in-law. Harry Loraine and William Phinney are excellent in character bits.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "BELIEVE ME XANTIPPE." Play in four acts by Frederick Ballard. Produced on August 19th with this cast:

George MacFarland....John Barrymore	"Wrenn" Rigley.....Earle Mitchell
Arthur Sole.....Alonzo Price	William .....M. Tello Webb
Thornton Brown.....Henry Hull	Martha .....Alpha Beyers
"Buck" Kamman.....Theodore Roberts	Violet .....Katherine Harris
Simp Calloway.....Frank Campeau	Dolly Kamman.....Mary Young

Magnetism is a very valuable theatrical asset. The Barrymore family has always been strong in this particular. Memory holds dear the recollection of Maurice and Georgie

Copyright, 1913, Charles Frohman
Paula Marr and William Collier in "Who's Who," at the Criterion

Drew, parents of Ethel and Jack Barrymore, who of themselves are as talented and popular as any of the younger generation of players. John Barrymore's personality is quite remarkable. Handsome, alert, vivacious and resourceful, he is a born farceur; nor is true feeling lacking when called for. The mooted question as to whether play or player is the real drawing equation finds a prompt answer in the production of "Believe Me Xantippe" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. Without Barrymore in the leading rôle it would be rather thin entertainment which Mr. Frederick Ballard has to offer in his prize play in four acts. Mr. Ballard is a Harvard man, and under the tutelage of Prof. George P. Baker, evolved the piece which won the John Craig prize, offered annually for the best play evolved by an undergraduate. The piece had a good run in Boston.

George MacFarland has been robbed. Disgusted, he inveighs against the stupidity of the police. A friend takes the side of the bluecoats and detectives and from the argument which follows a wager is entered into between them. MacFarland commits a polite and friendly forgery and then bets the modest sum of $10,000 that he'll keep out of the law's clutches for a year. This is the first act and as may be seen is nothing but talk that the premises may be laid. It is acted with lightning speed and so doesn't bore. Now the scene changes to the West. The year has almost expired when MacFarland, hungry and tired, finds himself in a hunting shack in Colorado, the sole occupant of which is Dolly Kamman, the daughter of a sheriff. Suspecting him to be the fugitive for whom a big reward has been offered, she gets the drop on him and arrests him. Then ensue alternating

Copyright, 1913, Charles Frohman
William Collier as Soapy Sam in "Who's Who"

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Hattie Williams Richard Carle
Act II. Marquis: "This is not love—it's massage"
SCENE IN "THE DOLL GIRL." NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE

scenes of comedy and drama, "a bad man" figuring in the latter, in which first he wins and then she; but she gets him to jail where the third act takes place. Here there is plenty of comedy, much of it highly effective and genuinely amusing. Of course, MacFarland eventually wins his bet and the hand of the sheriff's daughter as well.

Mr. Ballard's idea is a most happy one. It contains great comic possibilities. It is not to be denied that the action raises a lot of genuine laughter, but the treatment for all that shows the lack of a practiced hand, and without Mr. Barrymore's facile and engaging methods, would fall very short of the actual results obtained. He is quite delightful. Mary Young, as the sheriff's daughter, is expertly engaging, and Theodore Roberts, destined evidently for life to wear on the stage nothing but sombreros and jack-boots, is the sheriff. His deputy is capitally played by Earle Mitchell, and a Western desperado and his "soul mate," Violet, one of those fragile flowers of a mining camp are acted by Frank Campeau and Katherine Harris. Each is excellent.

BELASCO. "THE TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY." Play in three acts, adapted by Leo Ditrichstein from André Rivoire and Yves Mirande's comedy, "Pour Vivre Heureux." Produced on Sept. 4 with this cast:

Jacques Dupont.....Leo Ditrichstein	Edna .....Caree Clarke
Prof. Roland.....Henry Bergman	Eleanor .....Anna McNaughton
Bernon Neil.....Frank Connor	Marjorie .....Dorothy Elis
Billy Shepherd.....Richie Ling	Lina .....Annette Tyler
Dorval .....Edouard Durand	Messenger .....William Dixon
Howard Locke.....Julian Little	Delphine .....Isabel Irving
Carrington McLiss.....Lee Millar	Maria .....Josephine Victor
Tamburri .....M. Daniel Schatts	Fanny Lamont.....Cora Witherspoon
Roy .....E. R. Wolfe	Teresa .....Gertrud Morisini
Max .....E. W. Grant	Maid .....Alice Jones

"The Temperamental Journey," adapted by Leo Ditrichstein, from the comedy, "Pour Vivre Heureux," by MM. Rivoire and Mirande, is more than a mere reproduction of the French play. It has been freely adapted for our stage with all the objectionable features of the original either modified or omitted. The story is romantic, sentimental, but not perhaps unusual in literature or the thoughts of men. An artist, of personal and artistic worth, unable to sell his pictures, and consequently in poverty and despair, determines to throw himself into the river and rid himself of his troubles. His wife does not appreciate him; his model, a true-hearted and appreciative creature, on the other hand, is sympathetic. A body is found, recognized as his, and the funeral is held. He returns home secretly while the funeral is in progress; meets a fellow artist who is his devoted friend and determines to remain dead. The wife remarries. He spends several years in Paris and returns with other pictures that he has since painted. He is led to disclose himself by his former wife's attempt, by the sale of his pictures, to introduce certain spurious canvasses. Eventually he marries the model, who has been faithful to his memory.

It is almost entirely in the handling of the many incidents belonging to this story that the charm of the play consists. Without this handling in the acting and in the minute development of all the opportunities, the play would not be effective. As it is, it is a Belasco success. Mr. Ditrichstein, as the artist, gives a finished performance, handling with delicacy and humor his scenes in such a way that the gruesome is entirely absent. Isabel Irving, as the wife, gave a performance that shows her vastly improved in her art under Mr. Belasco's training. Her performance is one of the best things she has done. Other performances were proportionately admirable, that of Richie Ling, as Billy, the close friend of the artist; that of Josephine Victor, as that of the faithful model; that of the others, without exception, in minor parts.

LYCEUM. "Where Ignorance Is Bliss." Comedy in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. English version by Philip Littell. Produced on September 3rd last with the following cast:

The Actor.....William Courtleigh	The Mamma.....Florine Arnold
The Actress.....Rita Jolivet	The Maid.....Marion Pullar
The Critic.....Frederic de Belleville	The Bill Collector.....Kevitt Manton

"Where Ignorance is Bliss," served at least to show the distinct literary and artistic qualities of Molnar, the Hungarian author, who was first introduced to this public with "The Devil." As an acting play it had, of course, all those evidences of skill which are to be expected from an author who always has a purpose and who knows how to handle a story and its characters. It was soon apparent, however, almost from the beginning of the performance, that these characters were entirely foreign to us, and that the play was to be a study of conditions that we know nothing of. A beautiful and famous actress, with a husband equally famous, is unstable in her affections, and at this time is dreaming of some new lover. Her husband understands her mood from her constant playing of Chopin, which he has reason to know is the sure sign of her wandering thoughts. She has had many lovers. He is a study of the continental artist who lives on his vanity and selfishness. His selfish self-esteem is piqued by his wife's present indifference and her receptive mood for a new affair. He has reason to believe that her fancy has been caught by an Officer of the Guard who has been passing the window of late. He confides to a friend of the family, a dramatic critic, a plan. His wife has not become personally acquainted with this new object of her affections. He sees his opportunity to disguise himself as this Officer and test his wife. The action of the play turns on the carrying out of this enterprise. It is not improbable that he could impersonate this Officer, for he is an actor. In other circumstances, this part of the play might be very trivial; but it is really a study of character. He visits his wife in her box at the opera and feels sure that he had laid bare her new love affair. Later, when he charges her with her conduct, she professes to have known his identity all the while. This seemingly slight story is diverting as acted, but the whole play is too subtle for our audiences. The play could not have been better produced than it was by Mr. Fiske. A small cast was admirably chosen: William Courtleigh, as the actor; Rita Jolivet, a beautiful, animated and graceful newcomer, as the actress; Frederic de Belleville, excellent as the critic, and Florine Arnold as the actress' Mamma.

COHAN. "Potash and Perlmutter." Play in three acts based on Montague Glass' stories. Produced on August 16th with this cast:

Mawruss Perlmutter.....Alexander Carr	U. S. Deputy Marshal...James Cherry
Abe Potash.....Barney Bernard	U. S. Deputy Marshal..Harry S. Aarons
Marks Pasinsky.....Lee Kohlmar	Felix Schoen.....Fred. Carter
Henry D. Feldman.....Joseph Kilgour	Ruth Snyder.....Louise Dresser
Boris Andrieff.....Albert Parker	Mrs. Potash.....Elita Proctor Otis
Mozart Rabiner.....Leo Donnelly	Miss Cohen.....Gertrudde Millington
Henry Steuerman.....Stanley Jessup	Irma Potash.....Marguerite Anderson
Senator Sullivan.....Edward Gillespie	Miss Levine.....Grace Fielding
Book Agent.....Arthur J. Pickens	Miss O'Brien.....Doris Easton
Sidney .....Russell Pincus	Miss Potchley.....Dorothy Landers
Expressman .....Dore Rogers	Miss Nelson.....Marie Baker

It is a maxim of managers, that business is not an agreeable or profitable subject for handling on the stage. "Potash and Perlmutter" is distinctly a play relating to the every-day incidents and the conduct of a business, and that business of a distinctly prosaic kind; and yet, of all men, the "tired business man" will find his pleasure and relaxation in it. For the most part, it concerns the making or the losing of money, with amusing aspects in either case. The play is made up from stories by Montague Glass. It has a plot that permits of the introduction of many incidents, and these incidents are more interesting than the story for they are absolutely true to life, while the story is not. However, the story answers the purpose of holding the play together, so that its insignificance is a small matter. The plot concerns the efforts of the firm to help their bookkeeper, a political refugee from Russia, who is arrested for extradition. In going on his bond, they are about to lose everything. A climax of this sort would seem to be, in the recounting, in the nature of a business tragedy, but like everything else in the play, it is comedy. To say this sufficiently indicates the spirit of the play. There is a reason why this bookkeeper should be protected. He is engaged to the daughter, so to speak, of the firm. Miss Potash is to marry this attractive young man, who is a musician, a composer, and really has not committed the murder with which he has been charged. The story, it will be seen, involves some touches of domestic sentiment, but, if the truth must be told, there is as much fond sentiment as to money as there is to anything else. If it were (*Continued on page ix*)

White

William Courtleigh Rita Jolivet Frederic de Belleville

Act II. The actress does not recognize her husband in the handsome soldier

SCENE IN "WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

White

Jane Thomas (Margaret Wycherly) confronts the corrupt politicians with one of the little victims of their system
SCENE IN BAYARD VEILLER'S MUCH DISCUSSED PLAY, "THE FIGHT," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

The Police Stop Two Plays

NEW YORK has just emerged from a theatrical situation as critical as any in its history. On September 9, two plays, "The Lure" and "The Fight," which respectively opened the Maxine Elliott and the Hudson Theatres, were withdrawn by warrants issued by Chief Magistrate McAdoo on the grounds of indecency and a tendency to corrupt public morals. The managers of these plays, Mr. Lee Shubert and Mr. William Harris, while insisting that the purpose of the plays is moral, and that they were carrying on the war against what is called white slavery, immediately yielded to the law, but proposed that, instead of waiting for a jury trial to determine the question, special performances of "The Lure" and "The Fight" should be given for the benefit of the Grand Jury, to which body the case had been transferred.

In the case of "The Fight," a hurried revision was made, and the second act, which had been laid in a disreputable house, was cleansed and public performances were resumed. A similar process with "The Lure" was not possible, but, on the night of September 11th, a performance of this play was given for the Grand Jury. Decision was withheld for some days, but on September 16th it was announced that, following the receipt of a letter from Mr. Lee Shubert, in which that manager agreed to have the offending play rewritten so as to eliminate all the objectionable passages, the Grand Jury, on the recommendation of Assistant District Attorney Bostwick, had decided to drop its inquiry. The investigation of "The Fight" since the play has appeared in its new form also has been discontinued. Both Mr. Shubert and Mr. William Harris, manager of "The Fight," were technically under arrest when they appeared in Court, but upon their promise to withdraw the two productions they were released on their own recognizance.

The public is, after all, at least in this country, the final censor of art from a moral point of view, and in the case of these plays public opinion has been divided, many people objecting to the frankness of the dialogue and the repulsive nature of the theme, while reform workers, who are supposed to be acquainted with the evil of which it treats, insisted that the continued production of the plays would do good. It seems to be true that playgoers proper have acquired a distaste for the so-called Red Light dramas which treat of evils hardly to be lessened by promiscuous and irresponsible debate. In their hands, then, the fate of such plays might well be left. When Bernard Shaw's outspoken play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," was first stopped by the police and then suffered to resume, the public stayed away, and the piece died a natural death. "Any Night," one of the small pieces shown last winter, would have closed the Princess Theatre if it had been expanded into a three-act play. It was tolerated because companion pieces differed so widely in theme and treatment. "Damaged Goods" obtained and held its place on our stage through the fostering of a society whose aims are not at all theatrical. It was accepted as a medical thesis rather than a play. Moral purpose is too often used as a cloak for indecency, and under it many books, many plays which are offensive managed to survive. In theatrical history, however, epochs are found in which the same surfeit is felt by the public that appears to have been reached now, and then the playgoers themselves banish the offending production.

The tremendous interest suddenly taken in the Red Light drama is not, of course, aroused by literary or dramatic values. With such plays the usual tests applied to stage pieces fail. Either they are moral lessons or they are not moral lessons, and this is what divides audiences between enthusiastic approval and deep disgust. A play should always teach a moral; a good play subtly does; few successful plays do not. Precisely what we are expected to learn from a succession of plays based on the crusade against an unmentionable evil, remains to be found out. Perhaps we may venture the opinion that the stage is not the place on which to fight such crusades. To make a drama—a poor, crude, mechanical drama of the subject—it is necessary to take for protagonists types that are frankly exceptional. Now the drama, to be widely useful, cannot be confined to narrow possibility; its types must be broad, its teachings general. That is one good reason for putting the Red Light play out of the theatre. Another is that the lesson it teaches is repulsive and immoral. The stage is no place for these distressing lessons. At the beginning of each season, the object seems not to search for the great themes of life and love, but to find out what is the prevailing madness and to stage it merely for the sake of making money. This year it is the white slave traffic. Besides the plays already anchored, others hover in the offing, each one prepared to hoist its red flag of invitation. Have our dramatists no higher aim than to dramatize contemporary excitements?

Hits of the Month

TO awake next morning and find oneself famous—that was the experience of Natalie Alt, the charming little prima donna of "Adele," following the production of that charming new musical comedy at the Longacre Theatre. "Who is she? Where did she come from? So young a girl and with such a voice!" These questions and comments were heard on all sides of the theatre on the opening night when Miss Alt first came on and rendered the *Adele* song, one of the best numbers in the piece. Her fresh, young voice, excellent technique and admirable poise, astonished and delighted her hearers, and her charm of manner and quaint personality had completely won them long before the final curtain fell. Miss Alt is a New York girl and prior to going on the stage studied two years at the Metropolitan Opera School. Leaving there, she entered the musical comedy field, singing in the chorus and her voice remaining unnoticed until last year when she understudied Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl." Audiences liked her so well that she was sent out to head the second company of that production. Previously she had appeared with Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter," and also in "Little Nemo." Then came the golden opportunity that sooner or later knocks at all our doors. "Adele" was scheduled for immediate Broadway production. Audrey Maple had been selected for the title rôle, but after rehearsing three weeks Miss Maple found she was bound by a former contract. In a dilemma, the management looked around for a substitute and someone suggested Natalie Alt.

Natalie Alt

A STRIKING figure in the amusing farce, "Believe Me Xantippe," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, is the picturesque sheriff "Buck" Kamman, admirably acted by Theodore Roberts. Nearly fifteen years have rolled by since Mr. Roberts made his first hit on Broadway. That was when he created the part of Canby in "Arizona." For the first time a tenderfoot New York audience saw the real Western ranchman on the stage. Mr. Roberts is a native of California and first appeared at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, in 1880. He came to New York and for a time was with Robson and Crane at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre. Returning West, he joined a barnstorming troup which toured the Pacific Coast, but after a few years of this precarious existence he became disgusted with the theatre and went to sea in command of one of his father's schooners. He has never regretted this nautical experience. It gave him a new outlook on things. The free outdoor life on the sea freshened his art and gave it the healthy brusqueness which is its chief power and charm. But he could not remain away from his first love, the stage, and joined the company of the late Fanny Davenport, remaining with that actress eight years. He also acted with Adelaide Neilson and Lawrence Barrett. His most recent New York appearance prior to his present engagement was as Captain Hatch in "The Bird of Paradise."

Theodore Roberts

THE first performance of "The Family Cupboard," at the Playhouse, brought immediate popularity to an actor heretofore unknown on the legitimate stage, but who has long been a great favorite in vaudeville. His name is Franklyn Ardell, and in Owen Davis' interesting, if somewhat unsavory, drama he is seen as the "tough" dancing partner of the seductive little siren, Kitty May. As the flashy, thieving hanger-on, Mr. Ardell gives an impersonation astonishingly true to life. One forgets for the moment that it is only acting. Mr. Ardell, who has long enjoyed a reputation in vaudeville, is quite familiar with the type he portrays so well. As Dick Le Roy, vaudevillian, in "The Family Cupboard," he congratulates himself because he is doing "the big little time at 80 per." In real life, prior to his present Broadway début, he was featured on the vaudeville stage as Ardell & Co., and as he headed the electrics on the Orpheum Circuit in the West it is a safe venture to say that it was not at 80 per. While he was making his first success in vaudeville he never ceased yearning to "make good" in the legitimate. He proved his sincerity by joining good dramatic companies between seasons. He was with Margaret Anglin for a time, and also acted with other companies.

Franklyn Ardell

UP to the time she astonished a first-night Broadway audience by her clever performance of Kitty May in "The Family Cupboard," Irene Fenwick's reputation had rested chiefly on the fact that she is an extremely pretty girl. But she soon tired of flattering notices telling her merely that she was sweet and charming. She was ambitious to be something more than a wax figure. So, at last, in sheer desperation, she went to her managers and insisted that they give her a part which would afford her an opportunity to prove that she can really act. Miss Fenwick is a Chicago girl and made her stage début a few years ago in a small part. Later she was seen in "The Speckled Band," "The Zebra," and "The Brass Bottle." The first important rôle entrusted to her, and in which she attracted any attention, was when as Princess Overitch she appeared in support of Douglas Fairbanks in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." The press notices she received on that occasion were sufficiently encouraging for the managers to put a mark against her name as a future possibility, and when W. A. Brady began to select the cast for "The Family Cupboard," he could think of no one better suited to the part of the pretty adventuress than Irene Fenwick. He was not mistaken in his judgment. As the "woman in the case," a rôle at once unsympathetic and unsavory, the young actress has scored a decided success. She acts a difficult part with the tact and intelligence of a veteran player.

Irene Fenwick

IN "When Dreams Come True," the new musical comedy at the 44th St. Theatre, the audience is kept in a constant convulsion of laughter by the antics of Matilda, a grotesque country wench who insists on getting married, no matter to whom. May Vokes, who plays the part, has specialized in similar rôles for many years. Every player soon finds his or her place on the stage. This actress found hers in the interpretation of the ludicrous—the creation of laughter-provoking slaveys and country cousins. Miss Vokes, who is a Western girl, made her first Broadway hit some twelve years ago in Du Souchet's farce, "My Friend from India," in which her gift of dry humor at once revealed itself. After that she scored again in "Checkers." Six years ago she made her début in the musical comedy field, sharing with Frank Daniels the honors of "The Tattooed Man." Then she was seen in Chicago in "A Knight for a Day," and "The Flirting Princess." Last season she played the principal comedy rôle in "The Quaker Girl." Besides carrying off these honors on the legitimate stage, Miss Vokes has endeared herself to the vaudeville world, where for several years she has appeared as a headliner.

May Vokes

ONE of the most repellent characters in "The Lure" is that of the Cadet. It goes without saying that George Probert, who plays the part so realistically, is not as deep-dyed a villain as he appears. Mr. Probert was born in Erie, Pa., the son of a clergyman. It was after reading the career of a famous tragedian that he became ambitious to be an actor. He went to England, and failing to gain a foothold there, returned to America and joined a repertoire company in Baltimore. After that he played in "When Cupid Outwits Adam," and then his luck changed. W. H. Crane saw the play, noticed the young actor, and engaged him to create the rôle of Lenox in "David Harem."

Y. D. G.

George Probert

Sothern and Marlowe—An Estimate

By OSCAR W. FIRKINS

Hall
Mr. Sothern as Petruchio

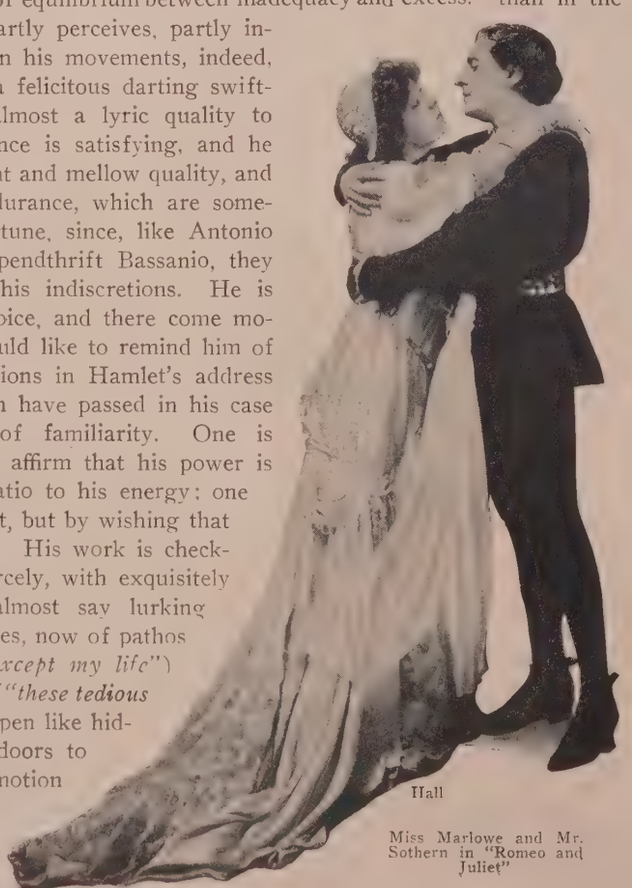
White
Miss Marlowe as Viola

THE present writer recently attended seven consecutive performances of Sothern and Marlowe in Shakespearean parts with the wish to complete and combine—and incidentally, likewise, to correct or confirm—the divided and scattered impressions of various earlier visits. The popularity of these artists and the rarity of *critiques* which embrace any larger section of their work than a single performance—to say nothing of the rarity of serious criticism in any form in matters histrionic—are the best excuse he can offer for inviting the readers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE to participate in the fruits of his observations.

The excellent settings given the Shakespearean plays, the selection of a company on the principle of the erasure of all inequalities beyond those which secure justice in the proportions, the realization of the existence on this planet of a thing called blank verse, the amplification of the dialogue by bits of stage-business at once daring and adroit which add lifelikeness, and sometimes even poetry and imagination, to the text—these things we may pass by with the lightness proper to topics on which unanimity makes debate impossible. Our concern is mainly with the two outstanding personalities.

That the repute of Edward H. Sothern as an actor has been aided by his association with Miss Marlowe, by his gifts as stage-manager, by that life-long cult of Shakespeare, which, in our helpless and servile modernity, is in itself an apostleship if not a martyrdom, is probably not to be gainsaid; but the inference that the head and front of his deserving as an actor is comprised in these advantageous accidents would be quite unjust to his actual capacities. His personal powers are real, though he sometimes sets us the bad example of denying them. The reversions to mediocrity are frequent; and his average parts or moments leave the hearer quite unsuspicious of the heights commanded by his crowning moments and his nobler parts. He keeps expectation unsettled; admiration vibrates in perplexed search for the point of equilibrium between inadequacy and excess.

His action one partly perceives, partly infers, to be happy; in his movements, indeed, there is sometimes a felicitous darting swiftness which gives almost a lyric quality to gesture. His presence is satisfying, and he has a voice of vibrant and mellow quality, and of a power and endurance, which are sometimes half a misfortune, since, like Antonio in relation to the spendthrift Bassanio, they sustain him in all his indiscretions. He is not frugal of his voice, and there come moments when one would like to remind him of sundry shrewd cautions in Hamlet's address to the players which have passed in his case into the oblivion of familiarity. One is tempted at times to affirm that his power is always in inverse ratio to his energy: one ends by not saying it, but by wishing that someone else would. His work is checkered, somewhat sparcely, with exquisitely quiet—one might almost say lurking and secretive—touches, now of pathos (*"except my life, except my life"*) now of weary scorn (*"these tedious old fools"*), which open like hidden panels or trap-doors to disclose depths of emotion and mystery quite unrevealed and unsuggested by the ordinary movement of his brisk, energetic speech.



Hall
Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern in "Romeo and Juliet"

He is extremely variable in the extent to which he breaks up and differentiates his elocution. There are passages where he rough-hews his text, handing it out to us in compact, parallel blocks; elsewhere he carries analysis to a point where it verges on dissolution. Both he and Miss Marlowe are capable, on occasion, of a vocal mosaic-work, of curious, almost fantastic, variegation and complexity. Now and then, on the contrary, the utterance of Mr. Sothern is so measured, not to say mathematical, that he all but scans his lines, coming down on each accented syllable with the precision of Dr. Johnson in touching the London posts. This foible is more curious than grave. Less forgettable and less excusable is the over-emphasis that dilates certain words to unnatural and disproportionate dimensions, all but dislocating and unseating them from their place in the contexture of the sentence.

Mr. Sothern conceives characters clearly at the start, but I find him somewhat unsure in the point of fidelity to his own conceptions. He is not altogether superior to that artistic tergiversation which strengthens a passage at the cost of an individuality. Below are specified two or three instances in which a character forks, as it were, in the middle of a play, and the two halves pursue a divided and divergent course toward the consummation. His successes are fairly well partitioned between tragedy and comedy. The "gentleman" is conspicuous in his nature, and it is noteworthy, that he excels chiefly in a tragedy not too violent and in a comedy not too boisterous to permit the full demonstration of that propitiating quality. The transcendence of his "Hamlet" among all his parts redounds greatly to the credit of his seriousness and his intelligence.

His Petruchio is conceived with a penetration and felicity that give one a strong fellow-feeling for the critic who declared it the very best of Sothern's rôles. The distinction between rioter and rowdy was never more consummately demonstrated than in the earlier parts, at least, of this swashing yet manly impersonation. The riot is half boyishness and half masquerade, and the gentleman is no more unsettled by the madcap than a party of nobles banqueting in the castle hall are disturbed by the rumor of brawling squires and yeomen in the courtyard. Later, Mr. Sothern lapses a little from this state of artistic innocency; with Shakespeare and the audience both decoying him, the descent into farce was all but inevitable; the two priceless things, the effect of gay nonchalance and the feint of benevolence are not evenly sustained; and the man who ought to have tamed his wife, as it were, in by-play, goes at his task with a laboriousness more questionable than his rigor. At its earliest and best, however, the part is inspiring and impeccable.

Mr. Sothern offers, in my judgment, a leaden and edgeless Benedick—a Benedick over-emphasizing himself and his attitude, with more fist than wrist in his counterthrusts, with a rustic's heartiness and heaviness of laughter at a friend's proposal to commit the enormity of marriage, with a trace, lastly, of the vaudeville actor in his lover's finery. He improves greatly in the later acts when the appeal to his chivalrous and gallant instincts recalls to the surface that mixture of manhood and breeding which Mr. Sothern excels in setting forth.

A modicum of sense is the seasoning of folly,

Photo Hall

Ophelia
(Julia Marlowe)

Hamlet
(E. H. Sothern)

Act III. Scene 1. Hamlet: "Get thee to a nunnery. Why, wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?"

SCENE IN THE SOTHERN-MARLOWE PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

and, in the Malvolio of this actor, fatuity is too complete to be effective. I question the fitness of making the character both feathery and ponderous, now sleek and mincing, now shaking the rafters with anathemas against the disturbance of houses by unseemly noise at midnight. The weariness which a strut, even when helped out with a simper, with leave thrown in to laugh at both, excites in average humanity is proved by the strange solace which the spectator feels even in the pathetic outcries, as insistent and clamorous as the notes of a tocsin, which Malvolio gives out from the loneliness of his dungeon. This is strong and touching, far better than the comedy, but its attachment to the rest of the character is left by Mr. Sothern to the ingenuity of the subtle or the faith of the credulous. Preparatives, in the earlier scenes, for this transmigration, would have enlivened the comedy which they qualified.

Photo Notman

Mr. Sothern as Macbeth

Anyone who knows Mr. Sothern's turn for thoughtful melancholy might have prophesied distinction for his Jaques. In point of fact, his Jaques is tepid and savorless. The brine in which his observation and philosophy are pickled is too weak to act as an efficient preservative from decay. Jaques, as Mr. Sothern lets us see him, is a clean-bodied, sane-minded, amiable fellow, with a turn for elocution and a taste for duly tempered epigram, with a sound British unwillingness to be interrupted in the progress of his meals, and a tactful faculty of taking himself off when the stage must be cleared for the parleyings of lovers. A little persuasion would have induced him to take part in the minuet or coranto that ends the play, and his godfathership to Touchstone's and Audrey's eldest boy seems among the not distant probabilities.

I find Mr. Sothern's Romeo a little mature, a little abstracted, a little self-conscious, a little rhetorical; yet in the main acceptable and adequate. A certain *incidentality*, so to speak, marks the position of the Shakespearean Romeo; he is always an occasion—an occasion for raptures in Juliet, for raillery in Mercutio, for philosophy in Friar Laurence. Mr. Sothern's Romeo accepts this subsidiariness meekly, in spite of the outburst, in which, with Shakespeare's aid, he succeeds in tearing passion to tatters or rather grinding it to pulp in his frenzied scene with Friar Laurence. The best part of Mr. Sothern's Romeo is the fifth act when the young man has shuffled off his Veronese entanglements, and, later, finds his vitality and manhood invigorated by the nearness of death.

The Shylock of this actor is a painful, a rather powerful, and (to the extent of my knowledge) an original creation—a creation in which contempt and pity are both strong, and both, in a way, alleviative of horror. An animal quality, rather characteristic of Shylocks and notable in Sir Henry Irving's delineation, reappears in Mr. Sothern's work in the suggestion of a wolf or jackal, a wild beast at once fierce, cowardly, and uncouth. The abandonment in the Tubal scene is extreme, but I cannot recall an instance in which hatred as an *appetite*, a thirst in which blood takes the place of alcohol, has been portrayed with more power. In the trial scene, on the other hand, a still stronger point is made by an equally positive insistence on a directly opposite trait—that of inflexible and resolute self-command. Here, again, one faces the problem of consistency. Even in Shakespeare the beginnings, at least, of discrepancy are perceived between the passionate self-abandonment of Act III, and the iron rampart which turns its immovable face upon the duke, Bassanio, Gratiano, and Portia in the fourth act. If the actor wishes to exaggerate one of these opposites, consistency requires him to temper the other: to magnify both, as Mr. Sothern has done, is to unseam the character from the nave to the chaps in the lusty phrase of Mr. Swinburne's reckless Bothwell. A partial defense may be found in the signs of strain which checker sparingly the indomitableness of the Shylock of Act IV, reducing the voice for a second or two to a sharpened thread, and in the complete overturn under the final blow beneath which he cowers and cringes like a whipped dog. Apart from these things, there is one exquisite detail which I cannot persuade myself to leave unspecified. A long scene in Act II closes with the return of Shylock to his deserted house (an addition to Shakespeare) and his momentary hushed listening to the sounds of revel in the great city before he thrusts the key into the lock. To me, personally, the physical nearness in that moment of the solitary Jewish outcast to the splendor and festalry from which his moral alienation was so wide and so irremediable made clear the embitterment of Shylock as nothing else even in Shakespeare ever did. If this be not great acting, it is surely its equivalent.

Passing over the clangorous and unsympathetic Macbeth (too remote in my memory at this date for a detailed estimate), we find ourselves on the eminence of Hamlet. Mr. Sothern conceives the Prince as at least intermittently insane: the insanity theory, though not strong in logic, affords this accommodation to artists and readers who idealize Hamlet, that they are enabled to separate the two strains in the Prince, the Plato and the Diogenes, so to speak, and virtually to declare the second nonexistent. The Hamlet that Mr. Sothern thinks real and plays finely is the noble, urbane, melancholy, contemplative Prince; the second element—cynicism sharpened by hysteria—is treated as an aftergrowth and increment and is conceived with less sympathy and less power. The impersonation describes a circle, first grave and gentle quiescence, then troubled and melancholy thought, then a feverishness and vehemence which are partly the outbreak of his distemper, partly flagellations of his own lethargy, then the thoughtful perturbed melancholy once more, and, lastly, the return to amity and silence.

The two first and the two last of these stages are exalted and satisfying: one hesitates about the middle stage. Mr. Sothern spares neither his own voice nor the nerves of his hearers in his

To Julia Marlowe, in "Twelfth Night"

Why, then—I think I've been in some day-dream
Of shipwrecked maid, of gallant love-sick lord,
Of lady pining for a withheld word,
Of motley fool, and one whose antics seem
To clothe a gentle nature gone astray;
Of clowns, who badly wield a ribald sword,
And music, flowers and laughter on a day
Most excellently placed where June's agleam.

It was a time for such a merry play—
The wind is north by south and Westward, Ho!
My thanks—although with thanks one cannot pay
For day-dreams lovely that have pleasured so.
But—thanks! And may again my fortune be
To know shipwreck on coast of fantasy.

ANNE PEACOCK.

efforts to achieve the maximum of painful and distempered vehemence. For part of this work the Shakespearean indications are unequivocal; but where Shakespeare demands one mile, Mr. Sothern goes with him twain. The bullying of Ophelia is pushed to lengths which arouse compunction even in the prince himself; and in the play-scene Hamlet really nullifies his own experiment by acting in a fashion which would justify an innocent man at an unambiguous play in safeguarding his wife and his throat by an abrupt and agitated departure. One could wish for less paroxysm even with insanity to hold one in countenance; but the noble conclusion, in which defeat puts on the majesty of triumph, makes liberal amends, proving that if Mr. Sothern, in the practice of his art, absents him from felicity a while, the path of return is left always unobstructed.

White

Mr. Sothern as Shylock

Miss Julia Marlowe is an exquisite comedienne, with the added capacities of love and pathos. Keeping at a discreet though not an ignominious distance from the absolute profundities and intensities of life, she relies securely on her winning personality, her infinite readiness, her copious invention, her art subtly mimetic of spontaneity, and her practically unerring taste. In her impersonations of Shakespeare, she never deepens or enriches the part; her tendency is to lighten, to checker, to animate, to subtilize, and I would add, to spiritualize, if I had fallen heir to the Elizabethan privilege of using spirit as a synonym with sprite. To take three typical parts, her Rosalind, her Portia, and her Beatrice, are all lighter, more variegated, and more elf-like than their namesakes in the comedy of Shakespeare. Except, possibly, in certain set declamations, she is never strictly theatrical, but it is noteworthy that her best rôles are those of which the counterparts in actuality are somewhat histrionic; in other words, her Beatrice, Rosalind, and Portia could all, at a pinch, have acted Julia Marlowe.

The technical range of her voice is apparently not great, but its variety of effects and swiftness of transition are extraordinary. The fineness of subdivision even within the scant bounds of a single sentence gives an effect of rich inlaying or delicate tesselation to her work, not always free in the declamatory passages from a suspicion of refined artifice. Her vehemence is ineffectual—shrill, blurred, and inclined to speedy collapse. She has a tense and chafing whisper, used sparingly but with intention, and satisfying to my ear only in "As You Like It." She has tones of rich satin-like texture on which the ear rests as on a cushion; hard, impervious tones, excellent for comedy, where they shut the lid on sentiment with a click, and giving to a Lady Macbeth not otherwise remarkable, certain moments of sheer pitilessness, as distinct from fierceness or hate, such as scarcely come from any other actress. This tone insures her attractiveness in comic disenchantments and burlesque despairs. She has the fine art of bringing herself up short in the full career of romantic or idealistic make-believe by a sudden arrest and relapse into practicality which is itself only make-believe in a plainer frock. She has acute and slender tones, suited equally to light, fleering scorn, to innocence, and still more pungently, to the mimicry of innocence. Her plaintiveness, like most plaintiveness, leans a little to the infantile, and she likes it well enough to employ it sometimes indiscreetly. There are times, when, with richly comic effect, she attenuates her voice to a film in a virtual abnegation of personality. Amid all this glancing opalescence, the quietly normal note, the note of limpid sincerity, is rare, discoverable mainly in strong crises where earnestness is unmixed with agitation; one has a feeling sometimes, though it is not a displeased or peevish feeling, that with Miss Marlowe the dress itself is made of embroidery. She has crests and dips, but no level; she is rarely quite—or rarely just—a woman.

I find Miss Marlowe's Ophelia rather less drooping and spiritless than the majority of the lacklustre sisterhood. She submits rather than succumbs; she obeys with decision; she keeps her heart, if not her will, in her own custody. The mad scenes—sharpened of late not to their profit—were at their best of an impeccable artistic beauty. An aspen-like mobility and variability, both moral and vocal, is almost Miss Marlowe's specific trait; nothing could be more in keeping than her success in portraying that exaggerated mobility and variability which describes, almost defines, insanity. Nowhere has the drifting, the helmlessness, of the uncontrolled mind been more feelingly or discerningly portrayed. This Ophelia, again, is not so much heartbreakingly sad as heartbreakingly indifferent or cheerful. She nestles into her grief, she makes bereavement a playfellow, she comforts herself with laments; we are touched with the immeasurable sadness of her not being immeasurably sad.

Photo Underwood & Underwood

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe at their home at West Hampton Beach, Long Island

The combination of exuberance and artlessness which make the Shakespearean Juliet unapproached is, perhaps, no more transferable to the stage than it is imitable by lesser dramatists. Miss Marlowe's hold on the artlessness is firm; and if she misses exuberance she attains fervor. Her Juliet flourishes in immortal youth: the childlikeness with which the young girl greets womanhood is ineffable; and her passion simplifies rather than complicates her life by vacating her mind of every other feeling, even of the

natural surprise and alarm at the swiftness of its own victory. In the perennially appealing balcony scene, a visionary quality, in which the orchard and the moonlight are naturally confederates, is exquisitely utilized by Miss Marlowe as a means of qualifying and justifying the precipitation of surrender. Juliet dreams upon the balcony: the real Romeo displaces his own image; and in the stillness and unearthliness of the moon-blanched orchard the border between dream and reality is crossed without a sound.

"Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet."

This unreality has its risks; and a perfect corrective was found in the lovely touches of quaint, troubled, self-amused childlikeness which assure the spectator at least of a foothold in the world of human actuality.

Both Shakespeare's Juliet and Miss Marlowe's seem to lose part of their individuality in the closing acts. The potion scene lacks real interest and distinctiveness: a frightened girl is a frightened girl the world over.

Miss Marlowe's unconquered Katharina is tame; her subdued Katharina is infinitely spirited. Her violence fritters itself away rapidly and fruitlessly, and between the meagreness of the boisterous part (for which the text, not the actress, is responsible), and her own vocal shortcomings, she resorts either to block-like daze or stupefaction, or to missile-throwing, a resource cheapened by its universal accessibility. Nothing, however, can be more happy, either in motive or execution, than her presentation of the reformed Katharina as a sharer and sympathizer in the comedy. She recovers ascendency in the very act of resigning it, she turns her submission into mockery, she teases Petruchio with her compliance, and the hearer's prevision of her ultimate mastery is the aptest and most piquant revenge for the brutalities she has suffered in her marriage to an earthquake.

In Portia, Miss Marlowe is on her own ground, and her mastery is nearly unqualified. Her view of the character is less dignified than Shakespeare's, though Shakespeare's Portia is not encumbered by her dignity. The actress gives us the school-girl or unschooled girl (the two phrases are synonymous) which the poet's Portia, in all probability insincerely and in all certainty inaccurately, declares herself to be. But in the act of calling her school-girl one half repents. Miss Marlowe's playful young girls are so full of spontaneities that mimic affectations and affectations that one cannot tell

(*Continued on page viii*)

Whose is the Living Corpse Idea?

NO sooner is a Belasco production announced than persons begin to say things, and this, despite the quite recent vindication which the Great Producer obtained for "The Woman," has been the fate of "The Temperamental Journey." Only a little more so, for the envious horticulturists who make bouquets of the similarities they think they find in plays (true *fleurs du mal*) have reaped a rich harvest in this latest production. They picked red blossoms out of the novel "Buried Alive" and the play "The Great Adventure," both by Arnold Bennett; they've added a handful of dried grasses from a forgotten story, "Tatterly," and a bunch of weeds from Tolstoi's gruesome drama, "The Living Corpse." In the nodding nosegay they see the germ of "Pour vivre Heureux," the Renaissance Théâtre play, which Leo Ditrichstein has made over and David Belasco has produced.

The onus of the charge of plagiarism, if there be any, falls this time on André Rivoire and Ives Mirande, authors of the French play, and by announcing their play as from this source the American adapter and producer do not share it. Tolstoi's horror in seventeen tableaux was played in Paris long before "Pour vivre Heureux," and it may very well be that the French authors borrowed its germinal idea, but Mr. Belasco is not concerned with where Messieurs Rivoire and Mirande got their piece. His rivalry is with "The Great Adventure," a London success which Mr. Ames is to bring over. Mr. Belasco claims that his piece, through a trial performance given in San Francisco, antidated the production of Mr. Arnold Bennett's play. Of course, Mr. Bennett can fall back on the date of the publication of his book from which his play is made.

The imbroglio with so many ramifications is academically interesting, but as there is no scapegoat in sight, one is forced to suspect that it was concocted for the "silly season" and for purposes of advertisement. The Belasco-Ditrichstein combination is admittedly a strong one when ideas are to be manipulated. This producer holds a position where he could afford, if he were not so sensitive to declare boldly like Dumas, *je prends mon bien où je le trouve* (I take my own wherever I find it), and the Hungarian-American actor has long deserved a local fame as a clever constructor of American things out of foreign material. Without originality, indeed, singularly devoid of this quality, this author-actor yet possesses the tact, the grace, the *savoir faire* of the true adapter, and often his plays are better stage things than they were in their mother tongue. Both Belasco and Ditrichstein can afford to stand where they are intellectually without claiming higher honors, their product is good.

Comes up again the question of ownership in ideas and it is the only vital point in all the newspaper discussion of "Pour vivre Heureux," and "The Living Corpse." Is a new idea possible? Can even a great genius imagine one any more than he can imagine a new animal? The creative imagination—that godlike quality which even Ruskin who wrote reams about it did not understand—can anybody explain it? It is well-nigh impossible to trace back an idea, a very simple idea, to its extreme beginning. There are six plots for plays, it is said, and Shakespeare used all of them in his time. In "Much Ado" and "The Winter's Tale," the Bard adopts the fiction of a supposed death in order that a woman's character may be vindicated by time, and her virtues shine out resplendent in the last act. The living corpse, therefore, figured in the drama centuries before Tolstoi.

The current criticism of Arnold Bennett's amusing skit, "Buried Alive," said that it lacked originality. This was not to say that Bennett's story was not his own and treated in the Bennett manner, but that the man in it, living while his works make a posthumous reputation for him, had appeared before in fiction. Bennett's idea was traced back to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had printed one of his peculiar moral sketches on this very subject. In 1890 a short story appeared in the *American* magazine (not the present magazine so called), about an artist returning from Newport after failing to please a patron there with a portrait, who in his discouragement made a pretense of leaving the world. He did leave part of his clothes and valuables in the cabin of the steamboat and hid himself in a strange quarter of New York. The story told how the painter was compelled to go on with his art and to sell canvases in order to live and how by means of one of these the fact that he was still "quick" was discovered. A reader of this forgotten tale and Bennett's "Better Dead" would acknowledge the priority of the American fiction without accusing the latter of plagiarism.

The present discussion would be vastly more amusing if it led up to a climax, if anybody in the end was to be taken in *flagrante delecto*. Arnold Bennett is noticeably silent, as he can well afford to be, for all the charges of borrowing that can be brought against his "Great Adventure" were aired when his "Buried Alive" appeared. It is an improbable surmise that he knew about Tolstoi's drama when he wrote his book. So much for the living. Shakespeare, Tolstoi, Hawthorne are dead—so is the old Greek or the older Chaldean story-teller who, perhaps, first used the living corpse idea. Whose is it? J. SHERRICK.

Scenes in "The Temperamental Journey" at the Belasco Theatre

Photos White Leo Ditrichstein

ACT I. THE ARTIST CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE

Frank Connor Isabel Irving Leo Ditrichstein

ACT II. THE ARTIST'S WIDOW LOSES NO TIME

Richie Ling Edouard Durand Isabel Irving Henry Bergman Frank Connor

ACT II. THE WIDOW OF THE GREAT ARTIST ABOUT TO START FOR HIS FUNERAL

White

Dick Giffon (John Westley) | Betty Lindsay (Jane Grey) | Gertrude Robinson (Ruth Shepley) | Harry Lindsay (Bruce McRae)

SCENE IN ACT III OF EDGAR SELWYN'S AMUSING FARCE, "NEARLY MARRIED," NOW AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

The Author of "The Lure"

BROADWAY is ripe for problem plays," the shrewd managers declared after the favorable acceptance last Spring of "Damaged Goods," the now famous play on sex-hygiene, and off they went on a search for the most daring ones available.

"Very well," said George Scarborough to himself, "this is my chance to bring before the public some problems that need a good airing."

Problems a-plenty he had come across on his wanderings through life. His earlier experience in newspaper offices had taught him how to wield a pen, and he was the fortunate possessor of an intuitive sense for the dramatic. The right man in the right place, and success cannot fail. That is why, out of the blue sky, George Scarborough has tumbled upon the unsuspecting playwrights of America and taken the front row instantaneously as the author of "The Lure," the most talked of production of the young season.

Tall and lean, with a long, gaunt face full of sympathetic manliness and kindly understanding, Mr. Scarborough impresses those who meet him as a man worth knowing. There is a clear, straight look in his eyes and a firmness in the grip of his hand that leave no doubt about his earnestness and sincerity. He seems far removed from any suggestion of complexity or morbidness, which are generally supposed to be the dominant attributes of those who write theme-plays or theme-novels. He is simply a man who has looked at the world with wide-open eyes, who has "shaken hands with Life," to quote his own expression, who has had his share of ups and downs, and whose mind is philosophical enough to ponder over the laws of cause and effect and to draw vital lessons from the every-day events that happen all around him.

Pure speculation is not the forte of the American. Mr. Scarborough is an American, and, therefore, instinctively a man of action. To see and to know did not content him. He wanted to impart his knowledge to his fellow-beings. He knew the stage to be one of the most effective factors of society—and that is why George Scarborough became a playwright.

When scarcely out of his 'teens, he conceived the ambitious project of revealing himself to the public, and within the shortest possible time, as an author of talent and distinction. Blessed age, when doubt is an unknown torture! But things happened to turn out differently, as we know they most always do. The study of law occupied some of the young man's years—and then came newspaper work. Nothing glorious or astonishing, just plain, every-day work. By that time young Scarborough had found that there was much for him to "take in" before he could "give out" anything of value to the world, and that the study of life in all its forms and phases is the most fascinating and the most complex.

A New York journalist sees a good deal of life and rubs elbows with many people of all sorts and conditions. But it wasn't enough to suit Mr. Scarborough, so he enlisted in the Federal Secret Service, and as a Special Agent he found what he was after: subject for thought, and opportunity for action, more of it and of a more appalling kind than he suspected.

The white slave traffic and Wall Street were the two fields more particu-

Prologue

Hail, mighty Master Player!
  The stage is set at last,
And through the playhouse echo
  The footsteps, thronging fast.

Clear! Ready for the curtain!
  The orchestra now plays
The signal for its rising.
  Be ready. No delays!

Thy master puppets ready
  To play their little parts—
Why—one would think to see them
  That theirs were human hearts!

First act! Up with the curtain!
  Now, gentle public, pray—
Be just to Play and Players
  And the Author of the Play!

PARMLEE BRACKETT.

larly assigned to his attention; and what he saw and lived through during the years he spent in the service is probably responsible for the thoughtful expression on George Scarborough's face—almost sorrowful at times—when he is silent and remembers. How he came to write "The Lure" is a simple tale.

He and another agent had just finished "a case" of white slavery in a town of the Middle West. It had been a particularly tragic one, and both men were pondering over it in silence. At last the other man suggested:

"The public should know. . . . Why don't you write a play about it?"

And Scarborough decided that he would. He went to work, and exactly eight days later "The Lure" was completed and presented to the manager.

Mr. Shubert wanted a problem play all right, but he was afraid of the "exaggerations" he saw in this one. The author insisted that he had exaggerated nothing, on the contrary. A high official in the service verified the author's statement, and, scruples appeased, Lee Shubert called immediate rehearsals of the piece.

Mr. Scarborough's original title was "Other Men's Daughters," as the story of the girl in the play was intended above all to serve as a lesson and a warning for other men's daughters. Various other titles had come to his mind: "What Every Woman Should Know," or "What Every Man Knows." None of these found favor with the producer. "The Victim" was agreed upon, but this had been used before. Finally "The Lure" was chosen.

A number of people were busy helping Mr. Scarborough polish his work during rehearsals, and two tryout performances were given at Saratoga. The most prominent assistant was Augustus Thomas, who is responsible for a "psychological amendment" in the first act. The most efficient, undoubtedly, was J. C. Hoffmann, the stage director, whose clear-sighted, experienced help Mr. Scarborough gratefully acknowledges. He admits that he has learned more about playwriting from his association with Mr. Hoffmann back of the footlights than he had been able to gather from any books on the art of the drama.

With sympathetic modesty, Mr. Scarborough calls himself a mere student on his way to authorship. He knows that there are many technicalities, many tricks of the trade that he has not yet mastered, and with which he feels he will have to acquaint himself before turning out "a really good play." The big second act of "The Lure" is from a technical point of view practically faultless. It would have appeared even more so if some of the acting, as seen at the first New York performance, had been in a little closer harmony with Mr. Scarborough's text. The actor who that night showed himself most conscientiously preoccupied with the ensemble effect of the drama and its logical, psychological working out was George Probert. During the past year Mr. Scarborough has written seven plays. His work is of extremely varied character. One of his earlier plays will soon be seen on Broadway, with Chrystal Herne and Guy Standing in the leading rôles. He calls it a romantic melodrama, and the title of it is "At Bay." The next one will be a satirical farce. It is scheduled to claim the public attention some time during mid-season. After that he will permit another so-called "morbid" play to go on the boards. This author's method of working is curious. Most writers have had little ways of their own, and some of them were decidedly strange. Schiller, for instance, could not find one of his inspired lines if there was not the odor of a rotten apple coming from the left-hand drawer of his writing-table. Emile Zola would never let a day pass by, well or ill, without writing exactly ten pages to the novel "En Chantier," and never would he write one page more than ten, however wildly his imagination was running. Gustave Flaubert would stop over a difficult sentence sometimes for days, weeks and months, polishing his thought until he had clad it in the one definite form he wanted, and would not think of attacking anything else in the

(*Continued on page vii*)

White

Jane Grey and Bruce McRae in "Nearly Married" at the Gaiety Theatre

The Cabaret Booking Agency

By YETTA DOROTHEA GEFFEN

"STANDEES, please be seated! I don't book standing artistes. Will the fellow in the doorway with the prominent nose and the cigarette sticking out of the corner of his mouth please sit down? This ain't a theatre lobby. This is a booking agency!"

The shrill, strident voice of the Agent, sarcastic, aggressive, rang out through the dreary, dingy loft dignified by the name of office, and the "artistes" assembled there, patiently awaiting the pleasure of the important personage, quaked and trembled.

The Cosmopolitan Cabaret Agency, which makes a specialty of supplying dramatic and musical talent for cabarets, public and private entertainments, etc., occupies the entire top floor of a building near Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue. It is not an attractive place or one in which one might expect to discover a budding Bernhardt or Sembrich. Situated in a cheap and noisy neighborhood, the casual visitor stares about him in amazement, finding it difficult to believe that talent worthy of the name could expect to find recognition in such repellant, ugly surroundings. The only outward indication of the agency is a small square sign bearing the inscription: *"Artistes use stairway,"* the creaky elevator being deemed too good for them, and the stairway, narrow and twisting, bears unmistakable evidence of use. From the ill-paved, refuse-littered street, with its unspeakable smells and roar of city traffic—elevated trains crashing overhead, steam whistles blowing, dynamite blasting, steel workers rivetting, vendors hoarsely crying their wares—one enters a narrow, dark hallway and begins the long climb up a winding, ricketty, wooden staircase, so rotten in places that one almost stumbles into gaping holes. The walls and ceilings are grimy and water-stained, and here and there the plaster has fallen off in great patches, exposing the wooden lathing. The windows on each landing are so covered with the accumulated filth and dust of years that to see through them is a physical impossibility. Many of the panes are broken, the holes being stopped up by paper. Over all is an abominable stench of bad plumbing, damp and mould. A curious place, forsooth, for Art to select in which to hide itself.

But those who each day make the weary pilgrimage to the agency in search of engagements have few illusions left concerning their art. From bitter experience they know that it is a business at best, and often a degrading, humiliating one at that, with little beyond a bare, meagre living to compensate for the physical and mental toil their "profession" has cost to acquire.

Day after day the unemployed trudge up those stairs, eager, expectant, hoping that the day will bring something; night after night they wend their way slowly down again, some with assumed gaiety, others making no effort to hide in their faces the dull misery and hopelessness that gnaws at their hearts.

The top floor finally reached, one finds it divided into two sections. The larger and lighter part, where accounts are kept, contracts issued, and managers received, is known as the front office. The smaller part, at the rear and connected with the front office by a narrow passageway, is facetiously called the "theatre"—not because it in any way suggests an auditorium, but because in this square, bare room, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted, dingy beyond belief, the artists are "tried out" before the Agent, and sometimes even before the managers themselves.

Here, in these dismal surroundings, amid an atmosphere of depressing, intolerable gloom, assemble each day a score or more of would-be recruits for musical engagements—cabaret entertainers and dancers, orchestra musicians, singers of both sexes, moving picture and vaudeville "artists"—a motley crowd, all members of that army of hopeless incompetents who are lured to Broadway from every part of the country, leaving wholesome pursuits for the artificial glitter of the stage, only to drift helplessly and miserably in the fierce maelstrom of metropolitan competition. They are the rank and file of the theatrical and musical professions, the little people of mediocre talent, those who at one time dreamed of fame, of seeing their names spelled out in big letters of electric light, but who, as the years roll by, realize painfully that fame is not to be theirs, that they can never rise above a certain level, but must be content with their humble lot! Occasionally one of their number chances to make a hit in a small part, is forthwith promoted to the centre of the stage, and the Agency knows him or her no more. But these are the exceptions, the big prizes in the lottery. Such successes are not of every month or of every year. Those rare instances are traditions of the grimy office and are talked of reverently and wistfully as the applicants wait for employment.

Seated on long wooden benches, row after row, they wait for telephone "calls" (requests by managers for talent), which are read out by the Agent as, every now and then, they come in over the wire. Between the intervals of keen suspense, when each is alternately buoyed up by hope or plunged into gloom by disappointment, the applicants discuss their various engagements or swap more or less veracious anecdotes of one-time glory.

What a crew they are, these "artists"! What a collection of down-and-outs! What an assortment of has-beens and would-bes! Actresses who can find no place on the stage; music students trying to earn money for tuition; girls, pitifully young, with hard, painted little faces, tawdry clothes, and awful sophistication, deserted by worthless, good-for-nothing husbands; European musicians of fine ability, who, after drifting to New York, are forced to resort to ragtime playing in cheap cafés in order to earn a livelihood for their families; men with no musical training whatever, but able to shout out a rotten, suggestive little song or two, and craving the glittering life of the restaurants, with its license and its opportunity to drink; women who, after shattering crises in their lives, have strayed from the narrow path, and, their finer sensibilities dulled by drugs, drink and smoke, have no apparent desire to abandon the broader highway of least resistance; boys and girls from the South and from the West, with little talent and mountains of ambition, who, urged on by flattering friends, have come to the City of Golden Opportunity in search of fame and recognition; a Baroness, *grande dame* of the Austrian aristocracy, with stately bearing, fine, sensitive face and shabby clothes, a pitiful mockery of one-time grandeur; a man who is totally blind, yet can play the piano and sing, and is considered a clever entertainer; a girl whose right side is entirely paralyzed and who plays the piano with one hand—all these are to be found in the agency every day, looking for employment.

The room in which they sit is as unattractive and depressing-looking as the street outside. The walls are ugly and bare, save for a few unheeded legends, such as: *"No smoking!" "No loud talking or whistling!" "Silence during try-outs!"* In the centre of the room stands a battered piano, dilapidated, meek-looking, abused, its vitality long since departed under the merciless blows of ragtime "piano-punchers," while at his desk at one side, under a strong droplight, sits the Agent himself.

Quite a character, this agent. Of diminutive proportions, with a small bald head, usually topped by a straw hat, he sits like a hawk watching his "artists," each one of whom represents a potential commission, inspiring in all present fear and awe. His voice is shrill, his manner aggressive, often brutal. He is, indeed, an undisputed power in his little world—his agency. He is more feared than loved, yet not a few look upon him as a god, a deliverer. More than once during a particularly dull season, after tramping from one manager's office to another, only to be dismissed by all with a curt "nothing to-day," have they trudged down to the agency as a last resort, and after waiting sometimes a day and sometimes a week been saved from utter despair—sometimes from actual starvation.

The Agent knows his power and lords it over his "artists" as a king over his people. All are subject to his partiality, his frequent bursts of temper, his often brutal language, his bellowed "Keep quiet, please! I'm runnin' this agency, not you!" There is no use rebelling or getting impatient. No good is accomplished. The applicant badly in need of a job to satisfy a clamoring landlady, is content to await the pleasure of manager and Agent.

SCENES IN "ADELE" AT THE LONGACRE THEATRE

Photos White Natalie Alt Craufurd Kent Hal Forde Georgia Caine
ACT I. QUARTET IN THE BARON'S APARTMENT

Hal Forde Natalie Alt
ACT II. THE *ADELE* SONG

Georgia Caine Hal Forde
ACT III. "YOU DON'T LOVE ME?"

Will Danforth Dallas Welford
ACT III. "WE WILL HAVE OUR INITIALS INTERTWINED"

Ah! that is where the rebellion comes in! The utter misery of it all, this waiting! From morning until evening, long after the factories, the department stores and the shops have sent scurrying homeward their hordes of wage-earners, these unfortunate "artistes" await the convenience of manager and agent, herded together like cattle in that enclosure of depressing gloom.

To-day the demands for talent have been frequent. Every now and then, above the buzz of conversation, is heard the Agent's shrill voice as he reads out a "call." At least half a dozen applicants jump nervously from their seats in answer to each summons and make their way eagerly to the desk. There the Agent tells them the particulars of the engagement offered, and after careful deliberation selects the person he thinks capable of meeting the requirements. The one thus favored is then sent to the front office for his or her contract, while the unlucky ones, with disappointment and bitterness plainly showing on their faces, go back to their seats to—wait. Always to wait!

White

IRENE WARFIELD
Now appearing in "Broadway Jones"

Again the voice of the Agent cries out:

"Call No. 3602, for a female cabaret singer of good appearance. Nice engagement. Hours, 8 to 1. Uptown café." As no one responds to the call, he stops and looks around him with amazement. "What!" he exclaims sarcastically, "no cabaret singers in this agency to-day? What's going to happen? Who's that sitting on the end of the second row? Ain't you a singer?"

The girl thus addressed gathers up her music-roll and umbrella and makes her way to the desk, where she stands in timid silence.

The Agent glowers at her.

"Have you worked on my contract before?" he demands.

"No, sir."

"Where have you sung?"

"I held a church position in Fall River, Mass. I came here a month ago," she stammers.

"Church singer, eh?" he sneers. Church singin' don't go in this place. Do you know any ragtime?"

"No, sir."

"Then learn some, quick! Can't use you until you do. You're wastin' your time stayin' round here."

Embarrassed at being spoken to in this way before the others, she returns to her seat with flushed face and downcast eyes.

A fellow artist, who himself had struggled long and hard when he first came to New York, volunteers a bit of advice:

"The cabaret is the big game now, girlie. Doll up, throw a grin, snap your fingers and jig through a song—makes no difference if you've got a voice or not—you'll make a hit anywhere. Voice and ability don't count no more, no siree!"

All of which is somewhat disconcerting to the unsophisticated young church singer from Fall River, Mass.

Once more the Agent rises and looks around:

"Here's a call for a male piano-player. Out-of-town resort. Swell joint. Want a real A1 player. Must accompany singers and transpose. Some piano-puncher he'll have to be to get away with this job! Who've we got here?"

Several men from different parts of the room rise simultaneously and hasten over to the desk. In the noise and confusion no one heeds the appearance of a young girl who has just emerged from the passageway. In one hand she carries a violin case, in the other a music-bag. She looks around, bewildered, then timidly approaches a youth who is leaning against the doorframe, hands in pocket, cigarette in mouth and hat perched over one ear.

"Pardon me," she murmurs, "is this the Cosmopolitan Agency?"

"Sure thing. That's the Agent over there," he answers curtly, without taking the trouble to look at the questioner, and indicating the direction of the desk with a forward jerk of his head that almost unbalances the cigarette.

Hesitatingly, apprehensively, the newcomer walks over to the Agent, who looks up at her in amazement.

"Are you a male piano-player?" he inquires sarcastically.

"N-no," she stammers, while a snicker goes around the room.

The perpetual frown the Agent always wears deepens as he glowers at her.

"Then sit down," he snarls, "and don't come up here 'till I call you."

She tries to explain:

"I have never been here before, and I've just come to New York——"

"Sit down!" he commands sharply.

Shrinking instinctively as a delicate flower might before the rude blast, she gropes her way over to the other side of the room and stands there, trembling, everything a blur before her eyes.

"Another rube!" she hears one man remark, with a cynical laugh.

A sister artist glances at the newcomer pityingly, then moves up along the bench as if to make room for her. Kindly she says:

"He sure is grouchy to-day. But you mustn't mind him, girlie. He's the kind o' dog that barks a lot. The only time he bites is when you dodge your commissions; then—good-night."

The young girl looks at the speaker blankly, not understanding. Instinctively, she shrinks away, as from something unclean. Then, her curiosity aroused, she looks again.

Under the enormous picture hat, with its weight of dirty white willow plumes, the face she sees is red and white, like peppermint candy, with a pair of bold, black eyes. The hair, originally dark, is bleached a muddy yellow and curled and frizzled about the face. Her costume would rival Joseph's coat of many colors, and as a finishing and characteristic touch to the ensemble she is chewing violently a great wad of gum. Staring at the young girl—a look of pity mingled with contempt, the woman—a sophisticated old-timer—thinks to herself:

"Just come to New York—huh! Well, she sure looks it!" In a glance the Sophisticated One takes in the details of the newcomer's plain, dark costume. Not a single plume waves from the trim little hat, which matches the tailored dress in color, and there is a total absence of jewelry or adornment of any sort. Something about the girl—something fresh and innocent—makes her appear quite different from the usual run of girls who frequent the agency. She seems strangely out of place in these surroundings. The Old-timer's curiosity is aroused, and she is just about to question the young stranger further when her attention is diverted by the appearance of another Gay One who at

The U. S. A. Limited at the Grand Central Palace, New York

Hay Rack girls in the New Imperial Jury

Suffragette Parade—A scene on the streets of New York City

Photos White "Fighting the Flames"—A scene on the Bowery Yachting scene in the Carnival of Sports

SCENES IN "AMERICA" THE SPLENDID SPECTACLE AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME

White Douglas J. Wood and Alice Brady in "The Family Cupboard," at the Playhouse

that moment enters the outer office.

"Hello, Mabel!" she calls out in greeting.

The newcomer, a brazen-looking, peroxide blond, decked out with all the extravagance of colors and finery with which women of that class love to adorn themselves, advances with a broad smile, revealing a number of gold-capped teeth.

"Hello, kiddo! How's yer heart? Say, that was some dump the agency sent me to last night! The boss wanted me to put over a song every fifteen minutes. 'Nothin' doin',' says I, and out I goes. Jack Kennedy sang there last Sunday an' got canned after his third song. He says they let all their singers put over a couple of songs an' then can 'em. I ain't used to work in such places. I ain't no amateur!"

The Sophisticated One chuckles as she answers:

"I saw Jack Kennedy just now. "He's going to team up with that cute kid that works in S——'s. He told me they went to Jack's last night with a crowd an' had a swell time. They all got soused to der gills. Say, what's up between you and him! I ain't seen him with you fer a long time. He's kind o' stuck on that kid, I guess."

"Huh, I should worry an' fall over a phonograph and break a record!" exclaims Mabel sourly, with a shrug of her shoulders, as she brushes an imaginary fleck of dust from her sleeve.

The Agent, still busy at his desk, interrupts further conversation:

"Call No. 3729—moving picture pianist. Male. Hours, 2:30 to 6; 7 to 11. Salary, $15. A steady job for a steady fellow. Must play with singers. Different singer every night."

A young man rises from his seat and approaches the desk. The Agent looks up at him and shakes his head.

"What's the good of you coming up? You can't take care of this. You haven't played with a singer in your life."

"Let me try, won't you, sir?" falters the young man. "I've been here every day for a week, looking for a job, and nothin's turned up yet."

"Can't help it. Sit down," exclaims the Agent angrily, incensed that anyone should imagine he had time to waste on an incompetent, no matter how tragic his situation.

Ignoring the applicant, who returns sorrowfully to his seat, the Agent cranes his neck right and left.

"Who else is available for this job? Murray? All right, Fred, you'll do. Take this memorandum to the front office."

"Gee!" grumbles Murray as he passes the youth standing in the doorway. "Fifteen measly dollars for seven and a half hours' work? This business ain't like it used to be. It's getting rotten, that's what! Playin' at a beer garden down on Long Island was a cinch. An' tips! why, they rolled it over to you. And now! Gee! a miserable fifteen plunks!"

He disappears through the dark, narrow passageway, leaving the *blasé* youth with the cigarette absolutely unmoved.

Once more the Agent turns and addresses the waiting throng:

"Manager, who is in the agency right now, wants a lady violinist for his cabaret in Brooklyn. Where's that new girl who spoke to me a short while ago?"

The little stranger emerges from the darkness and approaches the desk. The Agent eyes her dubiously:

"Have you 'tried out' for me?" he demands curtly.

"No, sir. This is the first time I've come here."

"Have you got your instrument with you?" The girl nods, and turning to his peroxided assistant, he says: "Will you play an accompaniment for this young lady?"

The overworked Miss Lee goes grumbling to the piano for the "tryout," while the young stranger, with trembling fingers, takes her violin from its case.

The Agent puts down his call book and turns around in his chair to face the piano. A solemn and critical moment in the day's work has been reached. An artist is to be "tried out." If she's any good there will be another eligible on his list, with its promise of possible commissions. If she's "rotten" she'll have to get out—quick. Standing up and imposing silence by a magnificent gesture, he cries:

"Artists, be seated! Sit down, everybody! No standing during tryouts. Come in out of the doorway, you animated chimney! Don't you know enough to stay in your seat?"

Gradually the buzz of conversation ceases, and the Agent gives the signal to begin.

The piano emits a succession of dismal howls, and the girl, her black eyes flashing nervously from her pale face, raises the instrument and begins to play. The sweet tones falter at first, and it looks as though she will break down at the very beginning of the selection. She can feel the hostility in the eyes bent upon her—can see the sneering faces before her, and trembles for fear that they will begin an open demonstration of disapproval. She has heard that such things often happen at "tryouts."

Suddenly something happens. She closes her eyes, shutting away the dinginess of the scene before her. Another scene rises in her mind's eye. She sees herself standing in the little church at home, playing the same selection. It was just before she went away, at the Sunday night service. All the dear friends she has known for years have come to hear her, and she stands there in her soft white dress, playing as she has never played before, inspired by the love and kindliness in the faces around her. And now, instinctively, her violin becomes a thing alive, and soars and sings exultantly. The piece ends with a great burst of joy, and she opens her eyes, bewildered by the round of applause that greets her.

"Gee! that kid can play some!" exclaims some one in the crowd, and all nod their heads and smile encouragingly. Even the Agent himself unbends enough to nod a gracious approval. He makes a lordly gesture, dismissing the accompanist. He has heard enough. The kid will do. She is given the details of the engagement and sent to the front office for her contract.

Reseating himself at his desk, the Agent resumes his calls:

"Is Mabel Vincent in the agency

(*Continued on page viii*)

White William Morris as the father in "The Family Cupboard"

Popular Opera at the Century Theatre

Photos Apeda
LOIS EWELL
(American soprano)

FRANCESCO DADDI
(Tenor buffo)

MORGAN KINGSTON
(Welsh tenor)

GUSTAV BERGMAN
(Swedish tenor)

MARY JORDAN
(American Contralto)

KATHLEEN HOWARD
(American Contralto)

MILTON ABORN, Manager

THE season of the Century Opera Company opened at the renamed Century Opera House (formerly the New Theatre) on September 15th with Verdi's popular "Aida." The opera, which was sung in English, was given with the following cast:

King, George Shields; Amneris, Kathleen Howard; Rhadames, Morgan Kingston; Ramfis, Alfred Kaufman; Amonasro, Louis Kreidler; Messenger, Vernon Delhaut; Priestess, Florence Coughlan; Aida, Elizabeth Amsden.

It is an interesting experiment which is being tried in the splendid auditorium on Central Park West. For some time past there has been a demand in certain quarters for performances of grand opera in the vernacular. Music lovers, it has been urged, are tired of listening to words sung in a foreign tongue. They insist that opera should be something more than a luxury for the ultra-rich. They want opera of the best type at prices they can afford and sung in a language they can understand—in other words, popular opera comparable to the municipal operas of the German cities. Experiments already made in this direction have met with substantial success. Henry W. Savage, for a number of seasons, has been sending out English singing grand opera companies of high artistic merit, and for years the Aborns, Milton and Sargent, have made a profit giving grand opera at prices from twenty-five cents to a dollar, with performances as good as the average in Europe. This year the experiment has been carried still further by the advent of the Century Opera Company—promoted and fostered by the City Club, an organization concerned in civic betterment. This company, which has among its founders W. K. Vanderbilt, Sam A. Lewisohn, Isaac N. Seligman, and on its board of directors Otto H. Kahn, Henry R. Winthrop, Harry Payne Whitney, Clarence H. Mackay, Edmund L. Baylies, all of the directorate of the Metropolitan Opera House, took over the lease of the Century Theatre, and renaming it the Century Opera House, prepared the way for the present season of popular opera in New York. The Aborns were secured as managers and a company organized.

The first great difficulty seemed to be the securing of operatic artists. How could Mr. Aborn agree to pay huge salaries when orchestra seats were to sell for $2 instead of $6, and expect to pay a dividend to the stockholders? How could he hope to secure singers acceptable to opera-goers already accustomed to the extravagant pace set by the Metropolitan? He solved the problem by deciding not to have "stars" in the true sense of that much-abused term, but to recruit a company of good singers among the many Americans singing in Europe whom he prefers to call "artists" rather than "stars." The salaries he could offer these were less than the large sums earned by a Caruso or a Farrar, but several times larger than the salaries they received on the other side. Moreover, an extra inducement was offered by opening a concert bureau in connection with the Century Opera Company. Through this bureau, any town within 1,000 miles of New York can engage the members of the company and the artists will be free to make such concert engagements.

Four nations are represented in the Century company's list of tenors: John Bardsley, an English robust tenor from Thomas Meecham's famous London company; Gustav Bergman, a Swedish dramatic tenor who has been singing at the Royal Opera in Berlin; Walter Wheatley, an American dramatic tenor who has appeared only in light opera in this country, but who has won great favor as one of the leading singers at Covent Garden; and Morgan Kingston, a powerfully built young Welshman, whose advent into grand opera makes an interesting story. Mr. Kingston was a coal miner in his native country—a hard working fellow with a powerful voice whose one source of recreation was singing in the village choir. Andreas Dippel chanced to hear of him and after listening to him sing made him an offer by which he (Dippel) was to pay for the miner's musical education and operatic training, the understanding being that, on completion of his studies, Kingston would sing in Chicago for five years. When Dippel severed his connection with the Chicago company, he brought Morgan Kingston with him to the Century.

Among the sopranos are: Lois Ewell, Elizabeth Amsden, Florence Coughlan, Evelyn Scotney and Ivy Scott. The first four mentioned are Americans. Miss Scott, though an Australian by birth, is an American by adoption, and made her grand opera début in this country in the title part of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," when it was produced in English two years ago by Henry W. Savage. After that engagement she entered the Aborn English Grand Opera Company, and her success with that organization led to her being engaged for the more important Century company. The Misses Amsden, Coughlan and Scotney have been singing with success at the Boston Opera House and will appear there again for a number of performances this season. Miss Ewell, who has been heard abroad, is a native of Tennessee, but has spent most of her girlhood in Brooklyn. She was a favorite in light opera before she entered upon her grand opera career.

Of the list of contraltos Jayne Herbert, Kathleen Howard and Mary Jordan are natives of this country. Miss Herbert is a Chicagoan and was formerly a popular concert singer in the West. She also graduated to the Century from the Aborn company, with which she has been a favorite for several seasons.

Mishkin IVY SCOTT
Australian soprano, Century Opera Co.

Kathleen Howard has been appearing with success at several of the leading European opera houses during the last few years and was engaged for the Century while singing at Covent Garden this summer. Mary Jordan has been heard mostly in concert and oratorio and has acquired a grand opera repertoire with several American companies.

The conductors are Carlo Nicosia, who at one time held this position with Hammerstein's companies at the Manhattan and Philadelphia opera houses; and Alatar Szebdrei, a young Hungarian who was with the Chicago-Philadelphia Company for one season, and who has directed grand opera at the Royal Opera in Berlin and at other important European opera houses.

The present season of grand opera at the Century Opera House will last thirty-five weeks. Operas of Verdi, Ponchielli, Offenbach, Wagner, Wolf-Ferrari, Puccini, Saint-Saëns, Charpentier, Gounod, Massenet, Balfe, Donizetti, Humperdinck, Bizet, Thomas, Flotow, D'Albert, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Délibes, Strauss, and Meyerbeer will be sung. The initial offering, Verdi's "Aïda," was given eight performances in English during the opening week, and repeated in Italian on Monday night of the second week. All other operas will have their first performance on Tuesday night, running in English up to Saturday night, and will have one performance in the original language of the opera—French, German, or Italian—on the following Monday night. By this system, "La Gioconda," the second offering, was given seven presentations in English beginning Tuesday night, September 23d, and ends its run in Italian Monday night, September 29th. The same schedule applies to other selections announced. Here is the complete repertoire for the season. Each opera is to be given for eight successive performances, except Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," which will be heard only at four separate matinées—Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, New Year's, and Lincoln's Birthday:

September 30.—Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann." October 7.—Wagner's "Lohengrin." October 14.—Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna." October 21.—Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." October 28.—Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." November 4.—Puccini's "La Tosca." November 11.—Charpentier's "Louise." November 18.—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." November 25.—Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." December 2.—Massenet's "Thaïs." December 9.—Massenet's "Manon." December 16.—Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl." December 23.—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." December 30.—Bizet's "Carmen." January 6.—Thomas's "Mignon." January 13.—Puccini's "La Bohême." January 20.—Flotow's "Martha." January 27.—Humperdinck's "Königskinder." February 3.—Gounod's "Faust." February 10.—Wagner's "Tannhauser." February 17.—D'Albert's "Tiefland." February 24.—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci"—double bill. March 3.—Verdi's "La Traviata." March 10.—Verdi's "Rigoletto." March 17.—Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanne," and Délibes's Ballet, "Coppelia." March 24.—Strauss's "Salome." March 24.—Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." April 7.—Wagner's "Parsifal." April 14.—Wagner's "Rheingold." April 21.—Wagner's "Die Walküre." April 28.—Wagner's "Siegfried." May 5.—Wagner's "Götterdammerung." May 12.—Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots."

Apeda ALFRED KAUFMAN
English basso, Century Opera Co.

For the brief concluding season of opera comique the productions have not yet been announced.

The price of the seats range from those in the orchestra at $2 to those in the gallery at 25 cents.

Stein JAYNE HERBERT
American contralto, Century Opera Co.

The response of the music-loving public to the company's prospectus was most encouraging to the management, and to the surprise of the directors, the majority of the subscribers expressed a decided preference for the nights when the operas were to be sung in English. Although for this first season only one night has been set aside for singing an opera in the original language, that one night has been selected by fewer patrons than any other. Among the subscribers are:

Teneau Alexandre, George W. Alger, Mrs. Elmer Black, Robert Pendleton Bowler, Charles C. Burlingham, W. T. Bush, Mrs. McCoskry Butt, Mrs. William A. Copp, Paul D. Cravath, the Rev. William T. Crocker, Francis Phelps Dodge, Frederick G. Dow, Joseph Dowd, Edward R. Finch, Mrs. M. K. Flagg, John W. Frothingham, John A. Garver, Miss Nora Godwin, Frederick Grosvenor Goodridge, Mrs. Charles Judson Gould, Miss Bella da Costa Greene, Charles Hathaway, Harrison Blake Hodges, Dr. Frank T. Hopkins, C. H. Ingersoll, Alvin W. Krech, Dr. Walter Eyre Lambert, Thomas W. Lamont, Mrs. Morris Loeb, Mrs. George B. Loring, Albert Low, Mrs. Seth Low, Severo Mallet-Prevost, Miss Marie L. Mayo, Miss Annabel Mayo-Smith, Mrs. Gilbert W. Mead, Edward D. Page, Charles A. Platt, John Cheney Platt, William Ross Proctor, Henry A. Rusch, Paul J. Sachs, Miss Florence D. Schmidt, Mrs. Robert Schwarzenbach, the Rev. Theodore Sedgwick, Isaac N. Seligmann, Miss Elizabeth Rothwell Shannon, Clarence Bishop Smith, Charles H. Strong, Mrs. Charles Truslow, Frank A. Vanderlip, Paul M. Warburg, Artemas Ward, Frank B. Wiborg, and Mrs. Edward S. Woodward.

Milton Aborn, the manager of the Century Opera Company, has been identified with popular priced opera for a number of years. He was born in California, one of ten children, and when little more than a lad, Milton was associated with his father, who had gone into business in New Orleans. The family was not musical, but his two sisters studied music and were very fond of opera. It was from them that Milton Aborn acquired his love for opera. His first experience on the stage was with B. F. Keith at the time that manager presented a series of tabloid operas in vaudeville. In these Mr. Aborn played all the famous Gilbert and Sullivan rôles. With that company he toured the United States, playing all the light operas in abreviated form. Sargent Aborn, his younger brother, was at that time also on the

(*Continued on page vii*)

MORTON ADKINS
Baritone, Century Opera Co.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER" SEEN ON THE STAGE

Photos White Mozart Rabiner (Leo Donnelly) Morris Perlmutter (Alexander Carr) Abe Potash (Barney Bernard)

Act. 1. The partners engage a new travelling salesman

Barney Bernard Marguerite Anderson Lee Kohlmar Elita Proctor Otis Louise Dresser Alexander Carr

Act 2. Prosperity follows the coming of the new designer

Elita Proctor Otis Albert Parker Maud Brownell Barney Bernard Alexander Carr Louise Dresser Marguerite Anderson

Act. 3. Potash and Perlmutter see their way to pay 100 cents on the dollar

Training an Audience to Laugh

By AL JOLSON

AS everyone knows who cares to know, the life of a comedian is very hard. Most of them, I have been told, are trained in infancy. I have no training; therefore, I suppose, as Harry Fox says, "It's a gift" with me. And yet, the stage manager very often reminds me that it isn't; and then I remind him that he isn't. However, early in my meteoric career, I discovered that an audience must be trained to laugh. Training an audience is a very different sort of thing from training seals, for instance. If you want a seal to laugh, all you have to do is to throw him a fish. No audience can be trained that way. Some comedians have tried to do so with fishy stories, but they usually fail. Not that I wish to compare the dear public to ordinary seals, but the similie occurred to me because I once had a dear friend who trained seals. He made them do some very funny things, and he had a different kind of fish for every seal.

"You see," he said, "every seal has a temperament, and the temperament won't work unless they get a certain kind of fish. I have tried to give them all the same thing, but they become sulky and do their work without any feeling."

Of course, he had a great advantage, because he had been a seal fisherman himself, and he understood the nature of the animals.

The first audience I ever trained to laugh, was at a performance I gave for a deaf and dumb asylum. I made a hit because no one in the audience could hear my jokes. It was the most difficult test I ever had, and proved to me definitely that some audiences cannot be trained at all. They are either too wild to train, or too dull, or quite dead.

White

AL JOLSON

Well-known comedian now appearing in "The Honeymoon Express," who enjoys the reputation of being one of the funniest men on the stage

Training audiences is a life work. You can't do it the first time. It requires patience, confidence, the hide of a rhinoceros, and the strength of a high-powered motor. Doctors have asked permission to examine me because, after seeing my performance they thought my exertions were beyond the power of man. And yet, I never touch ginger-ale; what ginger I have has never been bottled. I have gone on the stage, and sung nine songs in succession, and felt like a jockey who had won a handicap when I got through. There is not much to me, but what there is has class.

An audience of any kind must be made to laugh. You can't coax them, and you can't tell them that you're funny unless you make them believe it. They just hate to laugh when you want them to, and when you want them to cry, they laugh. There isn't anything on earth so obstinate and perverse as an audience. Most of them are untaught, and although my task has not been to educate them, I have sometimes felt that I should like to make them realize how happy they would be if they would only just try to laugh, just even once.

My first audiences were in vaudeville. Now, a vaudeville audience is not such easy material as it looks. A great many night watchmen attend the matinées, and the evening performances are filled with tired business men and overworked stenographers. I have often wondered if there isn't some sort of sleeping potion taken by vaudeville audiences, to pull them through the performance. If they were easily taught, every comedian would be worth a thousand dollars a week, and that would be too much for the vaudeville managers, because they would have to live in flats themselves, and they wouldn't like it. When I first began my vaudeville work, I used to rely upon the lines of a monologue I had learned, and the words of the songs I sang. I found this to be a very dangerous way of training an audience. They were all as different as the seals which my friend trained, and I quickly realized that they wouldn't laugh unless they got the right fish. A vaudeville audience in Philadelphia, for instance, sees nothing to laugh at in a man who goes asleep on the stage; because everybody in Philadelphia regards sleep as a serious matter. In Pittsburg, for instance, you couldn't give them a joke about smoke, because they live on it there. So, each vaudeville audience I found, had to be approached with a sense of what their temperaments required. In New York it was safe to make fun of Brooklyn, but in Hoboken you had to make fun of New York. These little elementary rules of conduct for the vaudeville comedian, were good enough in their way, however, but I soon found that it required extraordinary measures to make an audience laugh loud. Merely a gentle murmur of giggling laughter, never satisfied me. I made up my mind that I would train them to shout, although I was not a baseball player.

I tried various ways to accomplish this. First, I make polite little speeches to them, calling them ladies and gentlemen, and asking them if they wouldn't please laugh all together, instead of laughing in small spots in the audience. I spoke to them very softly, trying to win their confidence and their respect. This method didn't work at all. They seemed indignant that I should assume they didn't know how to laugh. You have to be very careful in training an audience, because they are very sensitive creatures, and are easily offended. Train them with gentleness if you can, but if you can't, use a club. When I say "use a club," I don't mean that you should inflict bodily injury, but make them realize mentally that they must do as you say no matter how they feel. Look them square in the eye, be firm with them, and they will sit up and eat out of your hands. After all, dangerous and cruel as an audience is, you are its superior—always remember that.

I sometimes hear of actors who are afraid of an audience. Some actors ought to be, I'll admit. I have been myself. But an actor without courage, ought to be a college professor, or a chemist, or something mild and faithful. I first began training my audiences, as I said, by talking to them. Of course, I didn't know them, before I talked to them, but I always made it my business to make their acquaintance first. They never said anything to me, but they had to listen because they couldn't get away. I would first tell them what a wonderful audience they were how handsome they were, how beautiful were the women, and how sorry I was that I couldn't see them with their hats on. Then I would look at the bald-headed gentlemen, and tell them what deep respect I had for the distinguished citizens I saw before me. Then I'd hunt for a man with a Santa Claus beard, and

Photos White

1. Act I. Henry Hull, John Barrymore and Alonzo Price. The detective examines MacFarland's mouth. 2. Act II. Theodore Roberts and Mary Young. Dolly coaxes her father to leave her alone in the cabin. 3. Act II. Mary Young, Frank Campeau and John Barrymore. MacFarland overcomes the bad man. 4. Act III. Theodore Roberts and Mary Young. The sheriff receives telephonic information of the hold-up. 5. Act III. John Barrymore, Katherine Harris, Mary Young and Frank Campeau. Violet and Simp insist that MacFarland is one of their gang

SCENES IN "BELIEVE ME XANTIPPE" AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

looking at him I would recall an incident in the war, in which my father had "fit" and fled. If I was before a Southern audience, my father was a Southerner; if I was before a Northern audience, he was a Northerner. If it happened to be a colored audience, I spoke of a comrade I had lost in the battle of San Juan Hill. By the time I had finished, they were half trained. They were sitting up, looking at me, and those who didn't go out at once, enjoyed themselves.

That was in the early days when I was a star feature in the "Nickleodians," when I did twenty-three shows a day, going as fast as a moving-picture machine. I tell you, those old "Nickleodian" audiences had to have their money's worth. After all, a nickle is a nickle. I can remember the time, when I was getting seventy-five dollars a week, I thought of buying a place on Long Island next to W. K. Vanderbilt's. I don't think he would have had any objection.

To be sure, I never knew just exactly what I was going to say, until I found myself in front of an audience. Of course, I had the regular jokes and songs to fall back on, if my brains gave out, but I noticed that I never knew just what I was going to say, before I said it. If the audience liked me, I didn't care how far I went, if they didn't like me, I kept going further till they did. The work in vaudeville to train an audience was not so hard after I got used to it. But when I first began my engagement on the big stage of the Winter Garden in New York, I realized the difficulty of training any audience above 42d St. I think from 14th St. to 42d St. they have all been trained, but above that, there is still a great deal of pioneer work to do for the comedian.

White

RICHARD CARLE
Appearing in "The Doll Girl," at the Globe

Copyright, White, 1913
GABY DESLYS
To appear in November at the Winter Garden

It is not so difficult to get hold of an audience in a small theatre. All you have to do is to get a large grand piano, and talk to them till they lean over and gather around you. The Winter Garden used to be a horse exchange, and if you are not funny enough to make a horse laugh, it's very hard to get hold of the people there. But I was always game. If it was may fate to be featured at a horse fair, I would do my best.

I have trained a great many audiences at the Winter Garden, and as a whole they are very intelligent, those of them who don't take whiskey. How much assistance the lemonade which is passed through the audience between the acts, has been to me, I can't say. I never drank any myself, but I have seen some people who looked pretty cold after it. I should think, however, that a lemonade trust would not be successful. All these things which the management thoughtfully provides, for a helpless audience such as ice water, lemonade, fans, programs, advertisements of the next show, copies of the music, opera glasses, cheap candy, cloak room, and foot stools for the old ladies are supposed to put them in a pleasant frame of mind, so that they won't kill the actors. Personally, I don't believe in making an audience too comfortable, especially when you are training them to laugh. They get sleepy, and the comedian has almost to break his neck to wake them up. I have sometimes felt, too, that a man who takes a front seat in the front row, for five nights in succession, ought to be fined for cruelty. The front row of the Winter Garden at the sacred concerts on Sunday has been occupied regularly by a "hymn club," who know everything I am going to say and who have heard everything I can sing, and whose faces look up at me solemnly and sadly as if it were a prayer meeting. Of course, it's a good thing for the management, but there is no fun in it for the comedian.

One night, that front row got on my nerves. I came on and there they were beautifully lined up in the latest fashion, sucking their canes, and looking hopeless. (*Continued on page vi*)

Moffett
JANET BEECHER
In "The Great Adventure," at the Booth Theatre

Reminiscences of Mlle. Rhéa

(Continued from our last issue)

THE five years spent in Russia were the happiest of my life. Why, then, leave this paradise? Because a land, disturbed by politics, is neither safe nor reliable. Long before the Emperor's assassination the city was a prey to Nihilism. Every day searches were made, streets were turned up, mines discovered, that would have blown up whole squares, had they not been checked in time. At the theatres candles were placed in the halls in case the gas should be suddenly extinguished by superior order. When the Czar came to the performance we all trembled lest something might occur. His assassination was the sad climax which justified our fears.

The Emperor Alexander II was one of the most amiable men to meet. He came to the theatre twice a week. I met him for the first time while playing Marion de Lorme in the "Comtesse de Senneterre." Between the acts he came on the stage and I was introduced to him by Baron Küster. He told me that the play pleased him more than twenty years ago, when he had seen it with Madame Allan. This was very flattering, as Madame Allan was one of the greatest actresses of her day. He went on talking for at least ten minutes of plays and players and left me, saying: "I will not detain you any longer, Mademoiselle, the public may become impatient waiting for its Marion."

In spite of his noble bearing and his dignified mien, the Czar did not inspire me with awe, but with respect and love. That he was thoroughly good and magnanimous one could feel. The night after the attack on his life by Salovieff he came on the stage and gave, I may say, a humorous account of the unsuccessful attempt and when an over-zealous member of the company exclaimed. "Oh, Sire, no mercy for such a wretch!" a rather severe look of reproach, which we all noticed, was his only answer. A word of pity or intercession would have been more welcome to his generous heart, especially from a woman.

He was very fond of comedy and often, about nine o'clock, he would take a sudden fancy to attend the theatre, and a drama being on the bill, word was sent immediately by a courier of the palace to tell us to hurry the drama, so as to be able to play an after-piece, which was generally a farce comedy, in which our two great comedians, Raynard and Hittemans, took part. Then you could hear the Emperor's laugh all over the house.

Knowing his fondness for comedy we all tried, in order to secure his presence, to find a comedy for our benefit. The last one I gave was "La Boule." How he enjoyed it! All the best comedians were in the cast. He came on the stage and expressed his delight in the kindest terms. He congratulated me on my success and said: *"Vous êtes toujours charmante, Mademoiselle, mais ce soir plus que jamais!"* Those were the last words the Czar addressed to me. A few days later he was to fall a victim to the murderous plots of the Nihilists.

Shall I ever forget it? It was on a Sunday, about two o'clock. We were rehearsing a new play; some of us were in the green room when the Emperor passed, escorted by his Cossacks. We were standing at the window and with a smile he gave us the military salute we knew so well. He had hardly turned the corner when we heard an explosion. We looked at each other and the same thought crossed each mind: an attempt on the Emperor's life! We rushed out and arrived at the corner of the street just in time to see, two hundred yards from us, the explosion of the second bomb, which proved to be the fatal one. The first had killed two Cossacks. While they were arresting the assassin, the Czar, deaf to the entreaties of his coachman, who wanted to drive on with speed, came out of his carriage to say one word of sympathy to his dying soldiers. He took their hands and addressing their murderer, he said: "Wretch! See what you have done in your blind fury." After a last look of pity at the faithful servants he was about to re-enter his carriage when a man, standing at the door, dropped another bomb which he had kept concealed in his handkerchief, and that one not only killed the Nihilist himself, but mortally wounded the Emperor. In a moment the street, before deserted, was crowded with people, coming from every direction. Sleighs were going to and fro and all we heard was: "Thank God, the Emperor lives!" His carriage being damaged he was driven to the palace in a sleigh and expired there a few hours later. His legs had been shattered.

On the following day his son was proclaimed Emperor. No sight could have been more heartrending than that of the young Czar and his lovely wife, returning in gala dress from the Winter Palace, where the new Emperor had just taken the oath. On their way to the Palace Annitchkoff, while people cheered him and tears were running down the cheeks of the newly made Czarina, the Emperor was motioning the crowd to keep silent.

The body of the Emperor lay in state at the Church of St.

Memoirs of Mlle. Rhéa. Copyright 1912 by Marie Michailoff.

Matzene

MAGGIE TEYTE AS CENDRILLON

Peter and St. Paul in the Fortress on the Neva, where he was buried a week later. Thousands of all ranks, including all the members of the Court theatres, paid during that week a visit to the Fortress and were allowed a last look at the remains of him who was, only a few days before, the Czar and all powerful ruler of all the Russias.

After the fatal event the theatre was closed, but we were still obliged to remain in St. Petersburg until the end of the season. My contemplated change was now decided. I spoke of it to a friend, Mr. Pierre Corvin, author of "The Danischeffs." He suggested that I study English, and if I were successful, to try my fortune in America.

But why study English? Why not return to France? Because, like the Americans, I am too independent. I had had some experience before going to Russia. I knew that in Paris, without strong influence, doors do not open. Furthermore, to court influence is like begging and I cannot beg. It is so gratifying to be able to say when one's task is accomplished: I owe my success to my own untiring efforts, to my courage, to my energy, and not to the influence of anybody. But I am not yet in America. I am just leaving St. Petersburg for London, where I went, determined to renew in another country and in another language, the success I had achieved in Russia.

I arrived in London at the end of April, 1881. Monsieur Corvin had spoken to me of an old teacher, Mr. John Ryder, who had taught his wife, Mademoiselle Stella Colas, a charming French actress, in the part of Juliet. Was this teacher still alive? Where was he living? I did not know. I arrived in London at seven at night with a friend of mine, a lady who was English by birth. She looked at the paper and saw that a foreigner, Mme. Modjeska, was playing in the city that night. Without changing our travelling dresses we went to the theatre; the play was "Romeo and Juliet." When I heard that foreigner speak so fluently I felt quite discouraged. I thought I should never be able to speak English as she did. The friar, Lawrence, was received with a round of applause; while listening to him I said to my friend: "This is a great actor; his pronunciation is so distinct, if I cannot find Ryder I will go to him." We asked for a programme and were very much surprised to find that Friar Lawrence was Ryder himself. We sent him a note by the doorkeeper and the answer was that he would receive me at eleven o'clock the next day. You can imagine that I was punctual. At eleven precisely I knocked at his door, 21 Salisbury Street, Strand, and went upstairs. I found myself in the presence of a man about seventy years old, very tall and with eyes full of fire and intelligence. My friend told him of my desire to learn English, to study the part of Beatrice, to give a performance of it in London within a month, and if I succeeded, to devote myself to the English stage, if not, to return to St. Petersburg.

"Does she speak English?"

"Not at all," answered my friend. "She understands it very little, but she has a strong will and I am sure she will succeed."

"But not," said Ryder, "in playing a Shakespearean part in one month, especially without knowing the language."

"Will you try?"

"No; it is useless, my time is all taken up; besides, my lessons are expensive and it would be robbery to encourage this lady."

"Try only once, let us say to-morrow."

After some hesitation he consented. The next day again, at eleven o'clock, I was knocking at his door. On entering the room I found a rather severe face before me—not at all encouraging. I smiled, not to show my agitation, and seated myself at a table beside Mr. Ryder, the book of "Much Ado About Nothing" open before us. He began and I repeated every word after him like a schoolgirl. When the hour was over he said:

"Now, my child, you see how difficult and how impossible it is to do what you wish."

"Difficult, yes; impossible, no!" said I, with gestures rather than with words.

My friend again intervened and I was allowed to return the next day. I need not tell you how I studied. I went over my part a hundred times with a patience I could not find again I fear. The next morning I took my second lesson and after a few words Ryder said: "Capital! Capital!" Ah! that *"Capital"* I shall never forget! But at the end of the lesson he said:

"Yes, it is very well, but it is impossible for you to accomplish such a difficult task."

"After a few days' study," I answered, "you will tell me what you think, not to-day."

Every day at the same hour I took my lesson, and from morning till night I had my eyes on my book. After a week Ryder, with tears in his eyes, took my hands and shaking them, in the English fashion, said:

"Well, my child, if you go on like this, of course, in a month you will be able to play Beatrice. I have coached a generation of actresses, but I have never met one with your energy and perseverance."

Besides my lessons with Ryder I took another one every day from Miss Cowen, a pupil of Mrs. Sterling; this one for the pronunciation. On Sundays I went to church to hear the sermons. I attended evening classes. I would have done anything to attain my object.

After three weeks I thought I was nearly perfect. I had been introduced to a family very fond of literature. The young ladies took such interest in me that they came to see me every day. One would correct my *th*'s, the other my *h*'s, the last my vowels. Their father was a very clever reader. One day they proposed that I should recite my part to him. He had never heard me. I was delighted with the idea. . . . Full of confidence, I began, one of the ladies giving me the cues. The father listened without any show of approval. When it

BERTHE LOWELLY AS JUNIA IN MASSENET'S OPERA, "ROMA"
Mlle. Lowelly is now appearing at the Opéra Comique, in Paris, and may be seen shortly in the United States

was over he said (shall I ever forget):

"Well, my dear Mademoiselle, I suppose I must tell the truth. You have seized the true idea of the character of Beatrice, but as to the pronunciation, I do not understand one word in ten!"

For the time I was completely crushed by that severe remark. But I soon recovered my courage. I went home and studied my part word for word, repeating each one loud, hard, low, soft, in every way, and after six days again I repeated my part to my severe judge. This time he understood nearly every word and predicted a great success.

In the meantime I had the honor and pleasure of being introduced to Lady Martin (Helen Faucit). With the kindness and generosity of a great actress and a true grand lady she invited me to come and see her the Sunday afternoon, just before my performance. She read the part of Beatrice to me twice. My eyes, my ears, my heart and my soul, hung upon every word she uttered. I found a thousand shades in that part, which I had not dreamt of, and I could fancy what a Beatrice she must have been with her tall and noble figure, her sweet face and queenly bearing. On my way home I tried to remember every word and every little expression—to impress them in my mind. At last the 2d of June arrived, the day fixed for my performance. I had hired the Gaiety Theatre for a matinée. Mr. Ryder had engaged an excellent company. Henry Nevill, one of London's best actors, played Benedick, and Mr. Ryder himself, Leonato. All the actors were as kind as possible. Mr. Nevill especially did all he could to assure my success. From the rise of the curtain I felt as if I were in a fog. I saw nothing, heard nothing; but Ryder, who, taking me by the hand, said—whispered: "Courage!"

The house was filled with a friendly audience. I had invited the press. From beginning to end the most encouraging applause, and the most beautiful flowers were lavishly bestowed upon me. I did not flatter myself that all this was an homage to my talent, but only encouragement for my efforts. The day after my performance I received the following letter from Mr. Edward Pigott, the secretary of the Lord Chamberlain.

DEAR MLLE. RHÉA:

Pray accept my heartiest congratulations on the remarkable and deserved success of your presentation yesterday at the Gaiety. I had some severely critical friends with me, and they were all surprised and delighted at your achievement. You were really the "Beatrice" that Shakespeare created: in face, figure, voice, attitude, gestures and demeanor, grace, wit, petulence, tenderness, womanly waywardness, and the strength of womanly devotion, were all found in an exquisite impersonation. Above all, the intelligence with which you have seized and appropriated all the lights and shades of the character, struck my friends as a sort of divination. And the accent—well, if it left something to be desired—was, except once or twice, singularly clear and just, and was never without charm.

Believe me, with all good wishes, dear Mlle. Rhéa,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD S. S. PIGOTT.

The next week I received an offer from Mr. Henry Sargent to visit America. He told me to go for references to John McCullough, who was then playing an engagement at Drury Lane. I found the great tragedian what he was to everybody, a whole-souled, kind-hearted man, who I am sure could not have harmed an enemy, much less a friend. He praised Mr. Sargent until I thought him the foremost manager in America. Relying upon his opinion I signed a contract for a tour in the United States. He chose for my début the same plays with which I had opened in St. Petersburg, "Camille" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur." But this time I had to play them in English. I had studied one part, I had exhausted all my energy in that one effort; another seemed beyond my power. After a few days, however, the reaction came, and with it, confidence and courage. I remained in London until the end of July and again had the pleasure of meeting Lady Martin.

When the London season was over I went to Folkestone, and there, by the seaside every morning, beginning at nine o'clock, I studied for hours on the beach, far away from the fashionable crowd, or in the country, where solitude was greater. What difficulties I still had to overcome! What patience it required! Sometimes I would repeat a sentence over again until my mouth

Moffett

HELEN WARE

Now appearing as Mary Turner in one of the "Within the Law" companies

ached and tears of despair filled my eyes, but I was determined. The pronunciation was especially hard to master. Hercules' feats seemed child's play compared to my labor. As the time for my departure approached I went to Paris, ordered some beautiful dresses, and in October I sailed for America on the *City of Rome,* and after one of the roughest journeys I ever experienced landed safe in New York.

The City of New York appeared to me a mixture of French and English, but I was impressed at once with the beautiful women. The American woman has a style of her own. Wherever she goes she carries an atmosphere of independence, which is at the same time the envy and the despair of all foreigners, because it cannot be acquired; it is born with her and is inimitable. She is daring, but not bold; and I must say, to her credit, that I have never found in her the meanness toward her sex that is characteristic of women in any other countries. She admires women and praises them without any feeling of envy or jealousy; she is noble-hearted, and if she were a little less fickle, she would be perfection. But, after all, is not that little fault an additional charm? America is proud of her daughters—and she may well be. As for the men, I have found friends the like of whom I would vainly look for in the old world. I have already said that it was Mr. Sargent who brought me over. After four weeks' trial I left him and accepted an offer from Mr. Arthur B. Chase.

Strauss-Peyton

VALESKA SURATT

Who is appearing in a new spectacular act in vaudeville

Mr. Chase was the business man *par excellence.* He had money, he was orderly, he was practical, he had a level head and he was lucky. Although I am not superstitious, I believe in luck as he did himself. He had the tact always of doing the right thing at the right time. Although very quiet, very retiring, almost bashful, he inspired trust and confidence. He was most considerate and attentive to my wants. It was under his management that I achieved my greatest success and met, for the first time, some of America's prominent people in the world of letters, politics and society.

One of my most cherished recollections is my visit to Longfellow. I was introduced to him by his cousin, Mr. Nathan Appleton, during my engagement in Boston. How often are we disappointed in meeting celebrated people. We place them on so high a pedestal in our imagination, surround them with a halo so radiant that when we meet the body of flesh and blood which envelopes the superior mind that has attracted our fancy, moved our hearts and carried us to an ideal world far beyond this earth, a pang of regret takes the place of our fanatical enthusiasm. Not so with Longfellow. The cottage where he lived was the very one a poet should inhabit; his surroundings were a mirror of himself. I can see him now, greeting me with a smile that lighted a face so pure, so noble, so full of human kindness, that I could not help thinking: "This, indeed, is one of nature's noblemen." Ah! I wish I had his pen to trace his portrait! His long white hair was falling on his shoulders, his voice was soft and musical and his cordiality genial and sincere. He spoke French fluently and this, to me, was one more charm. When I told him that one of the first English poems I had studied was "The Maiden and the Weathercock," he asked me to recite it to him; I did so, and immediately he went to his library and taking down two volumes of his poems, he wrote his name on the flyleaf of one, and in the other, underneath the poem, and presented them to me. I need not say that they are first among the many souvenirs I treasure in my home.

It was while playing at the Boston Museum with the stock company that I had the pleasure of meeting and acting with Mr. William Warren. I played Lady Teazle to his Sir Peter. What shall I say of him that America does not know? He was perfection, both as a man and as an actor.

In Washington President Arthur himself did me the honor of showing me through the White House, and with Mrs. McKee I visited that brightest and liveliest room under General Harrison's Presidency: the nursery, where I saw those sweet babies, who in their unconscious innocence, little suspected that they were the talk of the United States and that their ways and sayings were reported in the papers between a speech of their grandfather and a grave financial or political question. Mrs. Harrison was one of the kindest women I ever met. She often came to the theatre with the President, and on one occasion, having been prevented at the last moment from attending my performance, she sent me a basket of beautiful flowers with a long letter of regret, which I appreciated more than any royal gift.

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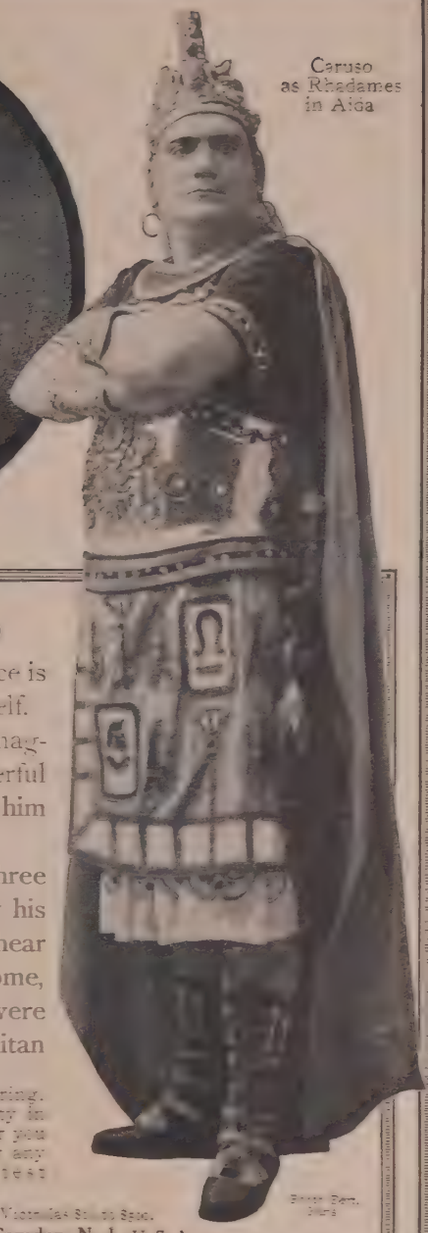

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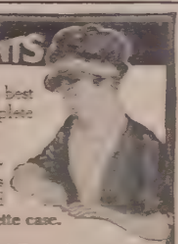

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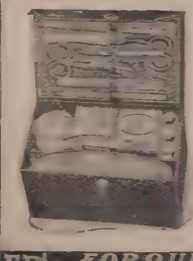

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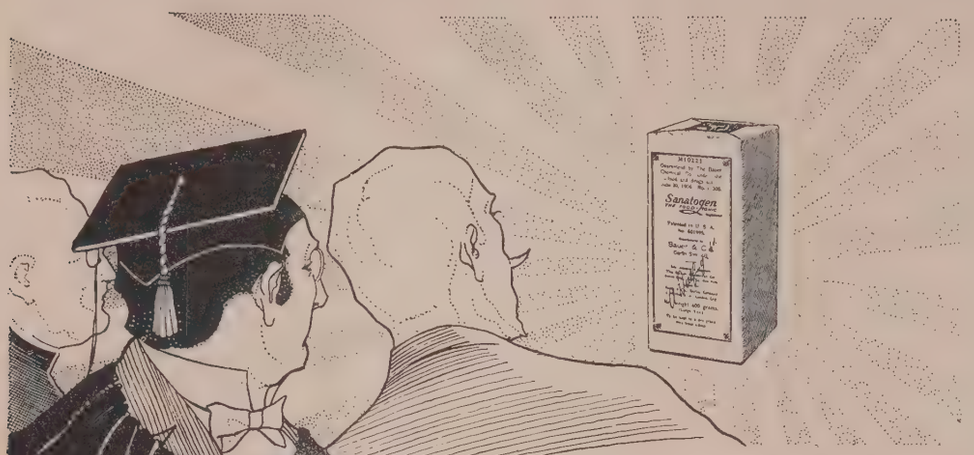

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Training An Audience, Etc.

(*Continued from page* 136)

In desperation I sat on the edge of the footlights, dangled my legs over the orchestra pit, and threw up my hands. I didn't care what happened to me. Suddenly I discovered that I had a collar on that was just like a collar one of the "hymn club" was wearing, and I just took hold of it and ripped it off my neck. This woke them up. They thought I had gone suddenly insane, and felt that they were going to get their money's worth.

As a matter of fact, I liked them all very much, but it was too much of a strain to keep thinking up new things to make them laugh. Training a Winter Garden audience, however, has become my specialty. How I succeeded in doing it I don't know.

I have often come off the stage wet to the skin with perspiration. Any actor knows what hard work that means. The best laughs I have ever had have been the result of spontaneous ideas, that have come to me on the spur of the moment.

And the trouble is that I never could remember just how these things have been said afterwards. As the point of the joke depends almost entirely upon the exact wording, I have lost a good many laughs which I might have put in for my regular performances if I could remember them. I really never know what I am going to say. I remember once when I was appearing with Stella Mayhew.

She said to me, "Where is my husband?"

"He is soused," I said.

She was quite indignant, because she thought I meant it. Of course, he wasn't soused, but I couldn't explain that to the audience, it was too late. I should have said he was "drowned."

I think I am the first comedian who ever had the nerve to run up and down the aisles singing a song. I was offered a chance to enter a Marathon race after I first did my stunt of singing *Rum-tum-tiddle* as fast as I could run. The danger which any comedian runs by mingling with the audience is that some one will hit him in the head with a brick if you give him a chance. That was the principal reason why I ran so fast. They couldn't get me in one place long enough to strike. The only thing I have really lost sometimes is my voice. For six weeks last season it was a shame to take the money. My voice went back on me, but I kept on playing, doing the best I could.

This year I sang the *Rosary* for the first time, and people believed me. Now, that's what I call training an audience to do whatever you tell them to. When I sang the *Rosary* they applauded as if I had been Caruso; when I sang *Rum-tum-tiddle* they enjoyed it just as much. I have got them trained; they dare not applaud.

I can't explain it, excepting in the words of my philosophic friend, Harry Fox—"It's a gift."

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Advt.

A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

Popular Opera, Etc.

(Continued from page 132)

stage; and when Milton decided to go out with his own company Sargent joined him, taking charge of the financial end of the venture. They started out on a modest scale. From comic operas they proceeded to "Trovatore," and gradually added more works to the repertoire. At the present the Aborns have no fewer than eight opera companies on the road.

Mr. Aborn, when seen by a representative of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, said he was more than encouraged by the outlook.

"The public response has been most gratifying," he said. "We shall continue to do our utmost to realize the expectations formed of our enterprise. Neither the Metropolitan nor we will suffer from the fact that we are both in the same field. There is room for both. We are catering to those who are pretty sure to be in their seats when the curtain rises on the first act—that is to say, the great body of American music lovers. Our endeavor is to give fine music since we know that real music lovers are those generally debarred from the high-priced houses, both by the price of admission and the fashionable element that generally predominates there.

"In choosing our artists we have selected, for the most part, ambitious young singers whose reputations lay ahead instead of behind them. We have found some in Europe, and the rest have been engaged in America. Although we have not restricted ourselves to any particular nationality, it happens that the majority of our singers are Americans."

Mr. Aborn is very enthusiastic over his chorus. "In my opinion," he said, "the chorus is the most important factor in opera. A prima donna may be a failure and the opera keep going to a successful close if only the chorus is brilliant enough. From the chorus come many stars. Real talent never stays hidden long. In our chorus we have fifty-two men and fifty-five girls. In tonal quality this chorus is beyond anything I have ever heard. The girls range in age from 18 to 26, and they have splendid voices. Most of them are American girls, who have been studying singing in New York. Of the fifty-five girls fully thirty-five have it in them to make successful singers in concert work or opera, and we have a plan which may help girls or men with real talent to find themselves. We shall rehearse six sets of principals in operas, and then, with the advantage of our chorus and orchestra, present them in special, invited performances. If the Century Opera Company is to be the permanent institution we hope, this plan will play a big part in our constant search for new and fresh material."

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Author of "The Lure"

(Continued from page 125)

meanwhile. Thence the perfection of his style, and the small number of his books. Mark Twain needed, positively needed, the atmosphere of his little garden-house and the company of his pipe to compose those incomparable things we know.

George Scarborough needs, positively needs, a desk with any number of pigeon-holes. For, unlike Flaubert, he does not generally concentrate on one single work. He handles several subjects at a time, and when he gets tired of one, he shoves the manuscript into a pigeon-hole and lets it stay there, until his interest in that particular theme is revived. One morning he may have been writing just such a scene as the one that closes the big act of "The Lure" so dramatically, and in the afternoon he may feel irresistibly inclined to add a new scene to a farce that he hasn't looked at for weeks. What a curious mechanism is the human brain!

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Cabaret Booking Agency

(*Continued from page* 130)

to-day? Hello, Mabel." He suddenly catches sight of her talking to her gaily bedecked companion, and gives her a grin intended to be a friendly smile. The Agent always smiles at Mabel. She is one of his cleverest cabaret performers, that is, she is more brazen, wears less clothes, has a lustier shout (it can hardly be called a voice) and uses more paint than the others. The commissions on her $20 and $25 engagements are larger in proportion to those of the others, whose salaries are smaller. Also, she is seldom out of work a single day, so her commissions are more regular. The Agent can afford to smile on Mabel.

"Well, Mabel," he says in jocular strain, "how did you make out last night?"

"Punk!" is Mabel's explosive rejoinder. Impudently she goes on: "Don't send me to a place like that again, or there'll be somethin' doin'. That's not a cabaret. It's a canning factory, that's what it is."

A shout of approval goes up from the ranks. Mabel is a favorite with them all, and no one but she dares talk to the Agent in that familiar manner.

"Well, we'll cut that fellow out," says the Agent, trying to pacify her. "Say, how would you like a job as combination in Sheehans', uptown? Good place, and say—" He leans forward, puts his hand up to the side of his mouth and winks mysteriously: "You can double your salary on the floor there any night. That's the place for tips, all right!"

"Combination?" she yawns languidly. "Oh, well, I'll try it."

For the enlightment of the uninitiated, it should be explained that the term "combination" does not apply necessarily to a certain dainty article of feminine apparel. In agency vernacular, it means a singer who can play her own accompaniments—a combination singer and piano player.

Mabel gets up to go. She, the lucky one, does not have to wait long. Her job is found. On the way out, she accosts a *confrère* with a resounding slap on the back and a hearty "Hello, kid!" Then, sobering up, she asks him seriously, "Say, did you hear the news?"

"What news?"

"Don't you know about it? Flossy just told me. You remember Big Nell—that great, big combination with a voice like a man's? Well, she's dead, killed by a Third Avenue car the other night. She was pickled, tried to cross the street and got mixed up with the car."

"Is that so? Aw, well, I knew she'd go off soon. She was an awful souse."

"She was all right, though. Best pal and biggest heart you ever saw. Why, she'd give the shirt off her back, if she thought you needed it."

"Did she leave any folks?"

"Her little girl's in a convent. She hadn't seen her since she left her home in the South, five years ago. Gee! it makes you blue to think of it! Her husband left her five years ago. Then she came up here to New York to work. She uster drink to forget her troubles, she said, an' now—"

"Call No. 2,887—"

And so it goes.

Sothern and Marlowe

(*Continued from page* 122)

from spontaneities that one knows not where to have them, and where he meant to write "ingenuous" scribbles "exotic" or vice versa. In the trial scene she is superficially less effective: her elocution is subdued into harmony with the severer lines and graver colorings of her dress. She is proof against those temptations to by-play and side-glance which at one point overcame even Shakespeare, and I think her credit as an artist materially strengthened by her refusal to be engaging where to be engaging was so very tempting and so very wrong. She indemnifies herself and the audience by the unforeseen but not unpleasing romp of the last act.

I have never quite recovered from my surprise at finding myself relatively unmoved by Miss Marlowe's Viola, a part clearly in the tribe, and normally, one would think, in the household of her confessed masterpieces. On first view I called her an odalisque, and I still note in the work an excess of muskiness. The allowance for circumstance has been imperfect, and the suppleness and sinuosity proper enough to great ladies like Beatrice and Portia in their sheltered drawing-rooms cannot be safely or readily transferred to a supposed boy and an actual messenger.

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Viola's boyishness is purely sartorial, and not strong even in that aspect. Otherwise she is oversexed: she is more innocent than the possessors of innocence ever are, and her malice toward women would alone divulge her womanhood. The most typical speech in Miss Marlowe's presentation, the soliloquy in Act II, Scene II (printed version) brings out, in spite of all its dove-like meekness and creamy smoothness of elocution, the irrepressible fact that Viola is at heart a little baggage. For all this the sometime lodger with Christopher Mountjoy is not responsible. There are certainly two contrasted atmospheres in "Twelfth Night," one of salt, sea-like freshness and one of dreamy exotic languor, but Viola entered the play from the sea-beach.

The Rosalind is not liable to these censures, and ranks clearly among her fine parts. I do not know if I can explain to the comprehension and satisfaction of others just why the abundance of particular felicities and the rarity of individual mistakes in this happy representation fail to persuade me of its claim to a place on quite the same level with the Beatrice and the Portia. The obvious infractions of taste are dexterously avoided. The part is not mannish nor hoydenish nor smartish nor anything else to which that disfiguring suffix can be honestly applied by fair-minded critics. Where, then, lies the flaw? Not precisely in the fact that Miss Marlowe plays the part with unwonted rapidity, indicative of a judicious wish to offset the undoubted slackness of the dramatic movement in "As You Like It"; but this circumstance has aided the general treatment in imparting to the final effect a trace of giddiness and headiness which suggests that Rosalind could have played Touchstone almost as sympathetically as Ganymede, and makes the spectator forecast for the complacent Orlando an ultimate nervous breakdown. One is doubly concerned at such a prospect, when the Orlando is Mr. Frederick Lewis, an actor whose charm refuses to be effaced even by approximation to Miss Marlowe.

I shall not have the merit, or the peril, of standing alone in the assignment to Miss Marlowe's Beatrice of the first place in the list of her famous Shakespearean impersonations. Nowhere else is she equally happy in that modelling I have mentioned before—that parting and diversifying of the speech or sentence which multiplies profile in relation to substance, and gives to the whole word-group the crisp contours of a leaf-edge. The improvement on the textual Beatrice is unmistakable. The Beatrice who comes to us via the printer is a determined young woman who labors at the humiliation of Benedick with a crude energy suggestive of the old-fashioned pedagogue in the conscientious application of the birch. In Miss Marlowe's rendering, everything is tentative, vibratory, pendulous; intentions last ten seconds: not a phrase but is a venture, an impromptu, a tempting of providence. She dallies, she temporizes, with her own thought and speech. She has wisps of scorn, jets of vivacity, abrupt despairs, headlong candors, inimitable lassitudes; she rises into seriousness without effort or pretense, but she cannot keep the sparkle out of her tears. Most captivating of all perhaps are light strokes of melancholy elegance or pensive poetry scattered with happy daring and wise parsimony over a surface otherwise almost trying in its brilliancy. The splendor of life is hardly less dominant in the representation than the iridescence of wit: humor seems but a spray on the crest of joy, and joy itself but a wave on the shimmering surface of a perennial and abounding vitality.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 115)

not amusing sentiment the play would be sordid indeed, but every time a dollar is mentioned or is concerned there is something amusing about it.

Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter conduct a wholesale cloak and suit department. They have bills coming in that they have to put off. They have a large correspondence with people hard to get money out of. They have trouble with their union workmen. When they change to more expensive quarters in order to improve business their comical troubles increase, so that the bond they have to go on is in danger of putting them out of business. Surely there could be nothing more comic than that. At all events, it is very amusing when it happens to Potash and Perlmutter. When they are in their greatest difficulties they expect to have an interview from a very wealthy philanthropist, from whom, incidentally, they hope to get some money. A man is ushered in and received by them with a show of

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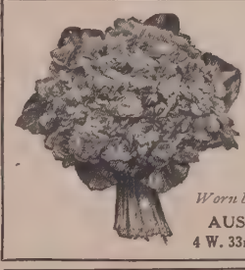

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adulation. Potash vies with Perlmutter in offering him cigars, and the scene proceeds until the man turns to a leather map which he has brought with him and offers to show them a book which he is selling. It is needless to say that Potash again vies with Perlmutter in the attention they now give to this intruder, who is promptly thrown out. The next caller is the rich philanthropist. The momentary doubt upon receiving him is as deliciously droll as anything in the play. It is plain to see that Mr. Alexander Carr and Mr. Barney Bernard have done quite as much to convert the material into amusing consistency as either Mr. Montague Glass or the adapter. Alexander Carr and Barney Bernard are true comedians. The play is an actor's play. They make every point. The cast is a good one, having among others, Joseph Kilgour, Elita Proctor Otis and Louise Dresser.

COMEDY. "HER OWN MONEY." Play in three acts by Mark E. Swan. Produced on September 1st with this cast:

Lewis Alden, Sydney Booth; Mary Alden, Julia Dean; Mildred Carr, Louise Grassler; Tommy Hazleton, Ernest Glendinning; Harvey Beecher, George Hassell; Clara Beecher, Beverly Sitgreaves; Rhoda, Maude Durand.

In "Her Own Money," Mr. Swan is not entirely at his ease in the handling of the case, so that the play declines, at the end, to the familiar and conventional sentimental reconciliation between a man and wife who had been parted by circumstances growing out of her attempt clandestinely to help her husband out of a financial embarrassment with "her own money." The subject of the play is the right of a wife to have some share in her husband's money. This wife, chafing under the requirement that she must always ask her husband for the money she needs, skimps and saves out of a weekly allowance the sum of two thousand dollars. She enlists the services of a man, the husband of a neighbor, to lend this money, as if it were his own to the husband. Misunderstandings and jealousies all around ensue. The husband finally returns to her, after he had repaid the money, and after she had bought a chicken farm with "her own money." The economical wife is cleverly played by Julia Dean; the nagging wife, jealous of her own husband who had acted the intermediary, by Beverly Sitgreaves, a clever and sympathetic actress; the husband who reconsiders, by Sidney Booth; the nagged at husband who lends himself and the other woman's money, by George Hassell. The play was a production by Mr. Ames, and staged by George Forster Platt.

PLAYHOUSE. "THE FAMILY CUPBOARD." Play in four acts by Owen Davis. Produced on August 21st with this cast:

Charles Nelson, William Morris; Mrs. Nelson, Olive Harper Thorne; Alice Nelson, Alice Brady; Kenneth Nelson, Forrest Winant; Kitty May, Irene Fenwick; Mrs. Clement Harding, Ruth Benson; Thomas Harding, Douglas J. Wood; Mary Burk, Alice Lindahl; Mrs. Winthrop, Irene Romaine; Lawrence Winthrop, Harry Redding; Dick Le Roy, Franklyn Ardell; Jim Garrity, Frank Hatch; Potter, Wallace Erskine; Telephone Operator, Louise Aichel; Elevator Boy, Barney Johnson.

Mr. Owen Davis, long successful in melodramas of the outworn sort, and known to be anxious to free himself from work of that sort and establish himself in consideration as an author capable of better things, has succeeded to the fullest extent in "The Family Cupboard." It is hardly a play of significance, although its first purpose seemed to be a discussion of social and domestic conditions of the day. We first see the family in a bad way, except for the daughter, who is untouched by any of the tendencies belonging to fashion and money. The wife gives her whole time to bridge, and is so seldom at home that her husband does not have any of her companionship, in consequence of which, not finding a home to come to after business hours, he spends his time at the club, and finally maintains an independent establishment with a vaudeville actress. The son often stays out all night, and one morning he comes back home intoxicated. His father reproves him, when the boy turns on him and charges him with having a mistress. His mother overhears this and the family is broken up. Therafter, the play concerns the infatuation of the boy for a girl, who really is the discarded mistress of his father; and it is the final rescue of this boy from his infatuation that really constitutes the play. The story of an infatuated and foolish boy would seem to be a serious matter, hardly productive of amusement, but we have a picture of life so full of character and incidental humor that it is really comedy. The serious side of it is not altogether neglected, for the faithful services of the old family servant, while the boy is wasting his life in his bachelor quarters, have moments of very honest sentiment. The comedy is not objectionable, for it is a revelation of character and life that does not fail to interest the audience. The girl, who has misled the boy into believing that she is innocent, would have entrapped him into a marriage if his resources of

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money had not run out. It may be sordid humor, but her attitude toward him in the varied circumstances, is so true to life that we are interested. Her father is a cab driver. Of course, his deference to his daughter who has got on in the world is sordid, but nevertheless he is a character that you have not seen on the stage before, and you will find his discussion of the competiton of the taxi diverting. Again, it cannot be denied that the vaudeville performer with whom the girl leaves, in order to do a sketch with him on the "big little time" is an amusing person. Certainly these three people are immoral, but they are following their natures, and they are not aggressively offensive. This character, Dick Le Roy, is played by Franklyn Ardell. The success of a play often depends on particular people in the cast, and Ardell is a fortunate find, of the sort that managers are always looking about for. If his tango dancing and ragtime playing were forced interpolations, his performance would certainly be ineffective, but he is the very spirit of irresponsible gaiety. The girl is well played by Irene Fenwick; the cab driver by Frank Hatch. The serious part of the play is well acted by William Morris, as the husband and father, by Olive Harper Thorn, as the mother and wife, and by Alice Brady, as the daughter.

CRITERION. "Who's Who?" Farce in three acts by Richard Harding Davis. Produced on September 11th with this cast:

Lester Ford, William Collier; Cliff Cooper, William Frederic; "Stumps," B. B. Melville; Bucky Bates, Nicholas Judels; Arizona Kid, Geo. White; Judge Holt, Grant Stewart; Graham Fiske, Edward Lester; Squire Cobb, C. D. Clarke; Don Quince, John Adam; "Pop" Perry, Nicholas Burnham; Detective Fallon, Frederick Conklin; "Tad" Ford, William Collier, Jr.; Aline Ford, Paula Marr; Sarah Cooper, Grace Griswold; Poly Perry, Leigh Wyant; Alfalfa Fanny, Dorothy Unger.

In the very nature of the case, with the combination of faculties and energies, a play by Richard Harding Davis, with the acting and stage management of William Collier, could not be devoid of comedy, novelty and effect; but "Who's Who?" lacks the compactness and substance to take its place with the other prolonged successes of author and actor. The play has its moments of drollery, but the story of it is confused and insufficient. It would not be easy intelligibly to recount the story. A timid tenderfoot (William Collier) is living the life of a cowboy in a Western town, and like many of its people, is in hiding. His horse and trappings had been stolen by a train robber, who had been killed, but this tenderfoot, who was supposed to have been killed, cannot return to civilization because of the danger of the penitentiary. He is induced to return in order to save an attorney from trouble because of his misuse of funds. The story here is altogether obscure. The tenderfoot's return to civilization, after a long absence, brings him into contact with village people, with amusing scenes, until finally everything is cleared up. The play is really made up of false situations which afford opportunities for a great deal of comedy in minor characters, all of it contributory to the inevitable and peculiar comedy business of William Collier. The opening scene of the play is a novel effect. It is a dance hall in the Western town, where there are moving-pictures and dancing. The woman who conducts the place insists on it that the tenderfoot shall marry her. He is too timid to make much resistance, and when the lawyer comes and makes his proposition, the tenderfoot is glad of the opportunity for escape. If it were worth while, many ingenious effects and situations might be described, but the play is made up of bits of acting and moments of comedy, amusing business and bright lines, the whole not affording a real play.

LONGACRE. "Adele." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Paul Hervé, music by Jean Briquet, English version by Adolf Philipp and Edward A. Paulton. Produced on August 28th with this cast:

Baron Charles, Hal Forde; Robert Friebur, Craufurd Kent; Henri Parmaceau, Will Danforth; Alfred Friebur, Dallas Welford; Jacques, H. C. Bradley; Louis Papricot, Michael Ring; Gaston Neuilly, E. H. Barlab; Armond Cartouche, Henry Ward; Francois, Charles Frye; Pierre, Edward Woster; Adele, Natalie Alt; Mme. de Neuville, Georgia Caine; Babiole, Edith Bradford; Violette, Jane Hall; Germaine, Betty Brewster; Gabrielle, Grace Walton; Faustine, Jane Warrington; Therese, Estelle Richmond; Pauline, Helen May; Henrette, Edna Doddsworth; Georgette, Alice York.

The management of the Longacre Theatre announces that it has in reserve a series of musical comedy productions. They are not likely to be needed, for, unless all signs fail, "Adele," the present offering, should run out the season. New Yorkers are accustomed to the transplanted English piece of this description with its interpolated Metropolitan colloquialisms. They have been fairly inundated with the Viennese school since Lehar's phenomenal success with "The Merry

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Widow." Now it has something different to deal with. France is responsible for the score of this new piece in the person of Jean Briquet, whose melodic accompaniment to the action of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" is gratefully remembered. M. Briquet has great faculty of composition. His themes are not only musical in value, but are worked out in a neat workmanlike manner. He is almost Mendelssohnian in his orchestral treatment. Strings and wood winds he uses almost to the total exclusion of the brass. The score of "Adele" is most grateful to the ear. In fact, the whole production is one of the neatest, daintiest, prettiest and satisfying that the local boards have staged in many a year. There is no horse play. The comedy is legitimate and works naturally out from the action of the piece. There is dainty sentiment and a plot which may be summed up in the two lines: "he fell in love with his wife" and "she fell in love with her husband."

The son and daughter of two rival manufacturers are in love with each other, but meet the usual parental opposition. It is arranged that Adele shall marry the Baron de Chantilly, secure a divorce; being then independent in the eyes of the law, she may then marry the man of her heart, Robert Friebur. So far so good, but the ceremony celebrated, Adele and her new husband do not find it so easy to part.

Adolf Philipp, the German comedian, and Edward A. Paulton are responsible for the English book founded on the original by Paul Hervé; while Ben Teal has staged the piece with that artistic originality and finish that so marks his work. The sartorially impressive Arthur Weld conducts.

There is a real operatic find in Miss Natalie Alt, who plays the title rôle. Not only is her singing excellent, but her acting most finished. Then, too, she has youth, beauty and refinement. Hal Forde is equally good as the Baron. Robert is nicely played by Craufurd Kent, and Georgia Caine enacts with authoritative ease and distinction Mme. de Neuville, a Parisian exotic. The bourgeois fathers are most amusingly presented by Will Danforth and Dallas Welford. Then there is a feminine chorus. Only eight of them; but each a star in the firmament of pulchritude, gowned with becoming richness and taste. The admiration of the men, the envy of the women.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "SWEETHEARTS." Operetta in two acts. Music by Victor Herbert, book by Harry B. Smith and Fred de Gresac, lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Produced on September 8th with this cast:

Sylvia, Christie MacDonald; Dame Paula, Ethel Du Fre Houston; Lizette, Nellie McCoy; Clairette, Cecilia Hoffman; Babette, Edith Allen; Jeanette, Gertrude Rudd; Toinette, Gene Peltier; Nanette, Gretchen Hartman; Mikel Mikeloviz, Tom MacNaughton; Franz, Thomas Conkey; Lieutenant Karl, Edwin Wilson; Hon. Percy Slingsby, Lionel Walsh; Petrus Van Tromp, Frank Belcher; Aristide Caniche, Robert O'Connor; Liane, Hazel Kirke; Captain Lourent, Briggs French.

Star and management are often feazed by a big success. To find a successor to something which has satisfied both press and public is not always an easy matter. So it was that Messrs. Werba and Leuscher had to bestir themselves to find a suitable medium for the display of Christie MacDonald's engaging qualities when "The Spring Maid" had outlived its usefulness. Victor Herbert was the composer called upon to equal Reinhard's beautiful and bewitching score while the ubiquitous Smiths, Harry B. and Robert B., aided and abetted by Fred de Gresac (Miss Victor Maurel) were called upon to furnish an entertaining and picturesque book. "Sweethearts" is the title of this new combination, and, by-the-by, why should Gilbert's classic be robbed of its name? Still, it is not necessary to worry on that score, for that little idyll of youth and age will long outlive the new production at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

Herbert never fails to provide a score that is not interesting. The present one is considerably above his melodious average. It gives evidence of loving and careful composition. It is harmoniously tuneful throughout and orchestrated with particular ingenuity and comprehensive detail. It has a waltz refrain that is particularly haunting and some numbers, especially the finale to the first act, that is almost grand opera in its ambitious quality. But both score and book are too long. Each one benefit by liberable excision.

Miss MacDonald has a rôle that suits her engaging personality to the utmost. It is that of Sylvia, an adopted daughter of a Dutch laundress. The girl was found as an infant in a tulip bed. Of course, she is a Princess and the efforts of a quartet, in the know, to profit by this information provides most of the plot and comic action. Then, of course, there is a real Prince, who finally wins her hand and there you have the romantic interest. Nothing startlingly new, but serviceable and effective. The production is beautifully lavish and rich; the stage manage-

ment capable and the chorus a combination of pretty women and good-looking men, who can and do sing with vocal skill and fine volume of tone. The comic honors fall to Tom McNaughton, whose dry methods find ample outlet as Mikel Mikeloviz. McNaughton is a finished fun maker. At times he is screamingly funny. There should be more of him. Lionel Walsh as a silly ass deserves high praise for his rendering of *I Don't Know How I Do It But I Do*, and a very volatile and graceful Lieutenant is acted, sung and danced with admirable skill by Edwin Wilson. Thomas Conkey sings the Prince. He has a nice voice and a presence which fits well the royal requirements.

GLOBE. "The Doll Girl." Musical play in three acts by Leo Stein and A. M. Willner; music by Leo Fall; English book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith, founded on a comedy by A. de Caillavet and R. de Flers. Produced on August 25th with this cast:

Marquis de la Tourelle, Richard Carle; Tiborius, Robert Evett; Romeo Talmi, Will West; Buffon, Charles McNaughton; Daudalon, Ralph Nairn; Marcel, Carl C. Judd; Pierre, Victor Le Roy; Rosalilla, Hattie Williams; Mme Prunier, Cheridah Simpson; Yvette, Dorothy Webb; Mlle. Poche, Emily Francis; Madame Merlin, Clara Eckstrom; Madame Bichon, Letha Walters; Mme. Laurent, Marion Mosby; Toto, Veronique Banner; Heloise, Veola Harty; Cora, Florence Brodbelt; Belle, Helen Dudley; Francine, Barbara Bel Babas; Suzette, Alice Palmer; Lily, Lilian Leroy; Perinne, Edith Hardlow.

Theatregoers seeking a clean, wholesome show, with tuneful music, pretty girls, plenty of comedy and several clever people to put these things over, will find "The Doll Girl," at the Globe Theatre, to their liking. The score, by Leo Fall, is gay and lilting, and ripples with delightful melody; the librettists, Messrs. Leo Stein and A. M. Willner, have devised a plot that affords plenty of opportunity for the principals. There is nothing strikingly new in the story which has to do with a little French country maiden, her doll and an aristocratic sweetheart. After a series of adventures caused by the interference of the latter's rascally uncle, the lovers finally triumph in the conventional manner, but the piece is so bright, so full of clever fooling, so well presented, that it cannot fail to please.

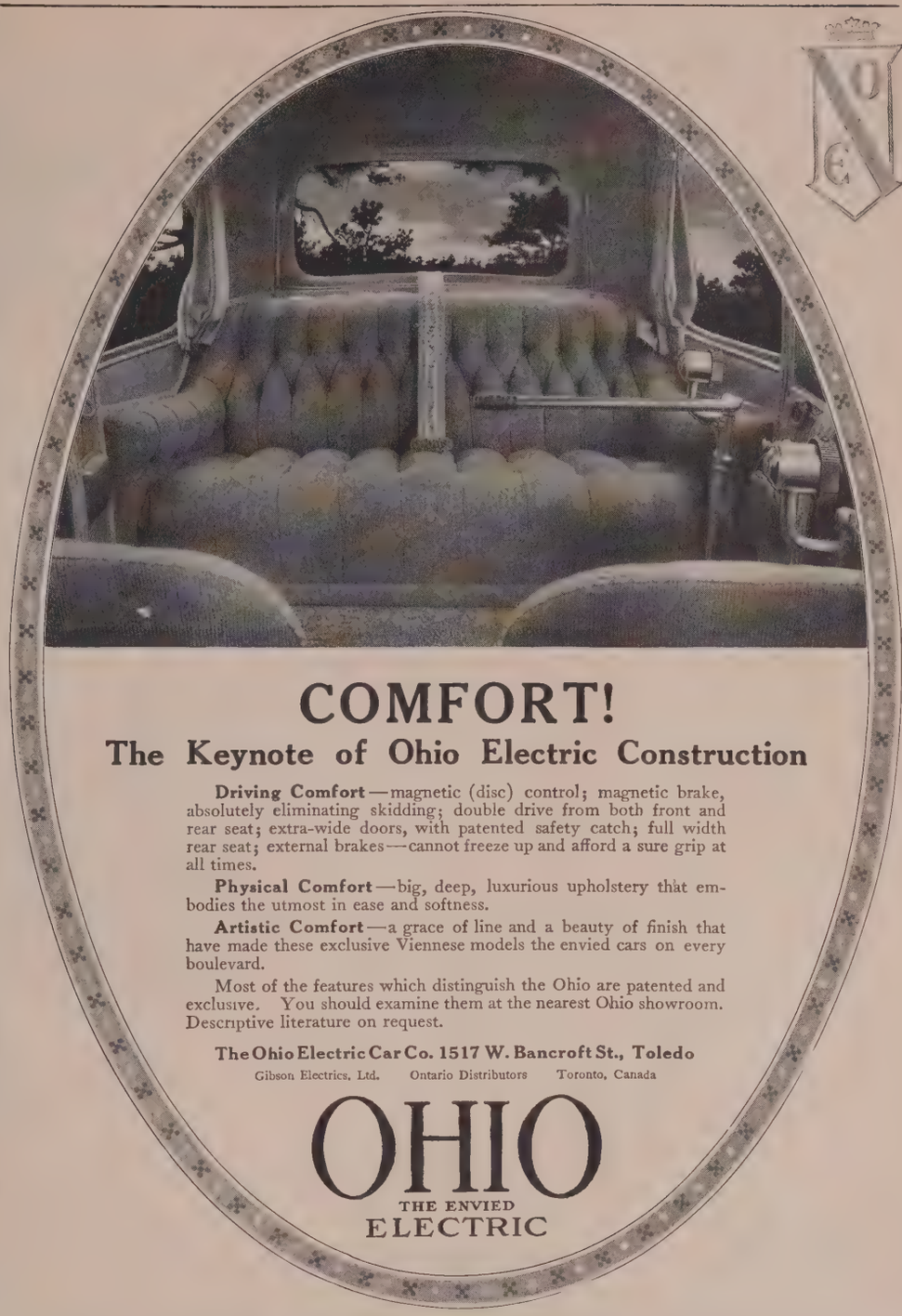
Miss Hattie Williams is excellent as the Spanish actress who, in love with a flirtatious marquis, assumes various disguises to test his faithfulness. She is particularly felicitous in her song, *Come on Over Here*, one of the catchiest numbers of the piece, and also in a love scene with the marquis which is so strenuous an exhibition of genuine affection, that the poor victim cries out: "This isn't love, it's massage!" Mr. Richard Carle, as the marquis, ambles through the piece in his own inimitable manner. Dorothy Webb plays with vivacity the part of the doll girl, and Robert Evett as Tiborius, the love-sick young nobleman, acts well, and sings even better. Cheridah Simpson makes the most of her part as Madame Prunier, the doll girl's aunt, and deserves praise for her commendable singing of *Now and Then*. Will West is funny in the rôle of a theatrical manager.

CASINO. "Lieber Augustin." Operetta in three acts by Leo Fall; American version and lyrics by Edgar Smith. Produced on September 6th with this cast:

Jasomir, Arthur Cunningham; Sigiloff, Wilmuth Merkyl; Anna, Grace Field; Marguerita, Vera Dunn; Gretchen, Peggy Caudrey; Ursula, Mona Sartoris; Lisbeth, Edna Stillwell; Juro, Frank Farrington; Bogumil, De Wolf Hopper; Augustin Hoffer, George MacFarlane; Princess Helen, May De Sousa; Captain Pips, Viola Gillette; Prince Nikola, Fred Leslie; Clementine, Roszika Dolly; Col. Burko, Jack Evans; Mattoeus, Wilmuth Merkyl.

With such favorites as De Wolf Hopper and George MacFarlane heading the cast, it would be impossible for any operetta to fail in arousing the enthusiasm of an audience. Add to this a tuneful score, and the elaborate staging and beautiful costumes characteristic of a Shubert production, and the present vogue of "Lieber Augustin" is fully accounted for. Of the book not so much can be said. The story is as conventional as that of most musical pieces. It has to do with the romance of an impoverished princess and a man of lower station. The solution to the problem suggests itself from the beginning, which, almost identical with Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore," is traced back to a mix-up of babies. De Wolf Hopper as Bogumil, uncle to the Princess, plays with his usual delicious humor, and is funniest when he departs from his given lines. George MacFarlane sings well, and May De Sousa is pretty and dainty as the princess, while a word of praise is due to Grace Field and Roszika Dolly. The music, by Leo Fall, is pleasing and contains several numbers of insistent melodiousness.

LYRIC. "When Dreams Come True." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Philip Bartholomae, music by Silvio Hein. Produced on August 18th with this cast:



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Sailor, Thomas Aiken; Hermann, Otto Shrader; Saranoff, Saranoff; Mrs. Hopkins-Davis-Story, Ann Mooney; Hercules Strong, Edward Garvie; Kean Hedges, Joseph Santley; Beth, Marie Flynn; Mrs. William Smith, Amelia Summerville; Margaret Smith, Ann Wheaton; Griggs, Clyde Hunnewell; Jerome K. Hedges, Frazer Coulter; Denny, Donald MacDonald; Matilda, May Vokes.

What a wonderful thing is youth! Few can withstand its charm and freshness, while all are ready to forgive its ingenuous mistakes, and childish follies. "When Dreams Come True" represents juvenilia in its most advanced form. Joseph Santley, a clever, good-looking young man, plays the part of Kean Hedges, a rich man's son, who has squandered all his money in Paris on a dancer. His home-coming in the steerage of an ocean liner gives occasion for an effective opening scene. Here, among the haughty first cabin passengers, Kean sees his dream-maiden. She gets tangled up in a smuggling scheme, innocently of course, is vindicated through the efforts of the hero, spends the night in his rooms while he is busy dodging a detective, appears the following morning before his astonished family and is passed off by Kean as his country cousin, who is expected to arrive that day. Meanwhile, the real country cousin, grotesquely and delightfully played by the inimitable May Vokes, is projected into the scene, and the confusion that follows is relieved by the introduction of numerous songs, dances and comedy bits. The atmosphere eventually clears amid a profusion of "Bless you my children," wedding bells, and—tango. Besides the featured players, Joseph Santley and May Vokes, special mention is due to Marie Flynn, whose charming singing is one of the pleasant bits of the piece, and to Anna Wheaton and Donald MacDonald, who act and dance with vivacity. Edward Garvie, as the "suspicious" detective, puffed through the piece with explosive sighs that suggested a steam engine. The music, by Sylvio Hein, is particularly good—especially the *Dream Song*, which promises to become one of the popular "hits" of the season. In the song, *Come Along, Come Along, to the Movies, Dear*, a humorous and original bit of pantomime is introduced.

HIPPODROME. "AMERICA." Conceived by Arthur Voegtlin, music and lyrics by Manuel Klein, drama by John P. Wilson. Produced on August 30th with this cast:

Macklin Haywod, Albert Froome; "Slippery Sam" Croker, James Redman; Lieut. Frank Forsythe, W. C. Reid; Captain Wilkes, H. L. Jackson; Vivian Phillips, Maybelle McDonald; Jason Sellers, Felix Haney; A Yokel, Harry La Pearl; Sallie Perkins, Nellie Doner; Lucy Mortimer, Elsie Baird; Samantha Stubs, Irene Ward; John Strong, John Foster; Detective Scalds, Jack Warren; John, E. P. Parsons; Mrs. Beacon-Hill, Margaret Crawford; Train Caller, Alex Craig; Professor Strunz, Harold A. Robe; Columbus, George Adams; Indian Chief, Sa Ko En Te Tha; Mandy, Mina Chapman; Flash Negro, John Fleming; Mammy, Stanley Ferguson; Barber, Spook Hanson; American, Tommy Mullins; Con Carne Vendor, Angel Barbara; Shellfish Vendor, Harry La Pearl.

Each new season the amusement seeker looks forward expectantly to seeing a splendid show at the Hippodrome, and he is never disappointed. Certainly this year he has no reason at all to wish for his money back. From first to last, "America" is a most satisfying spectacle. Devised by Arthur Voegtlin with music and lyrics by Manuel Klein, the show begins with a fine tableau depicting the landing of Columbus, and then, with a quick shift, we are brought right down to the present day, the scene showing the new Central Railroad Station at the height of the rush hour. Again the scene changes, this time to a New England farm, with its peaceful rural pictures and quaint country types. From here we are whisked down to New Orleans, and shown levee life in the metropolis of the cotton belt. Then on to San Antonio, the public plaza of the Historic Alamo. From here the dazed spectator is hurried back to the New York slums, where he assists at a sensational "fighting the flames" amid the great variety of characters found in a typical East Side street. Again the scene shifts, this time to Panama, where huge steamships are seen gliding majestically through the canal, and so on to the final Grand Tableau, where patriotic feeling is stirred by the singing of *America*. It is impossible in a brief space to do entire justice to this spectacle, which must be seen to be appreciated.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "KISS ME QUICK." Farce in three acts by Philip Bartholomae. Produced on August 26th with this cast:

Gladiola Huntley, Helen Lowell; Gardener, J. J. Sambrook; Billy Hopkins, Frederic Santley; Edward Huntley, Richard Taber; Bailey, Robert Kelly; Butler, Charles Ashley; Marie Huntley, Emily Calloway; Bailey, Robert Kelly; Sally Swift, Louise Drew; Pinkie, Laura Laird; Claypoole, Edward Kummerou; Clara, Mary Hastings; Nellie, Migno McGibeny; George, Eugene Bottler; Joe Randall, Arthur Aylesworth; Ola Primrose.

Mr. Bartholomae's "Kiss Me Quick" gives much evidence of haste in the writing. The play itself is not of consequence. It concerns the half-serious complications that arise after a moving-picture actor and his sweetheart are admitted to the house and when the spinster falls in love with the wandering actor.

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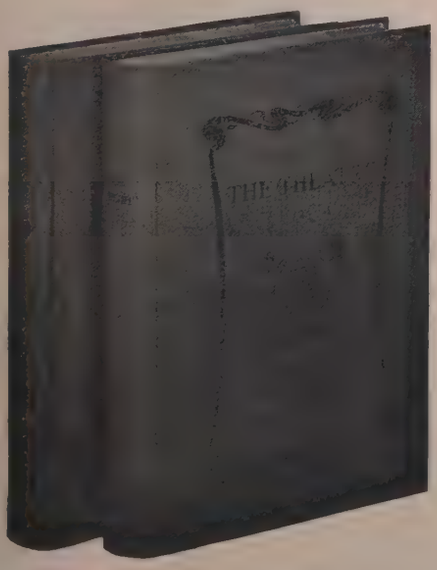

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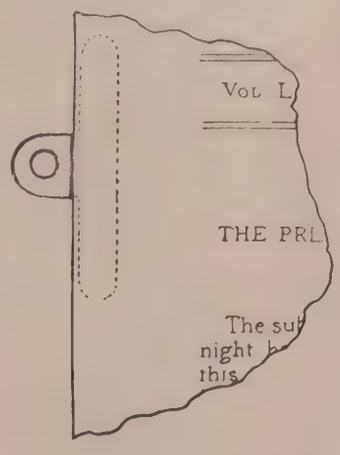

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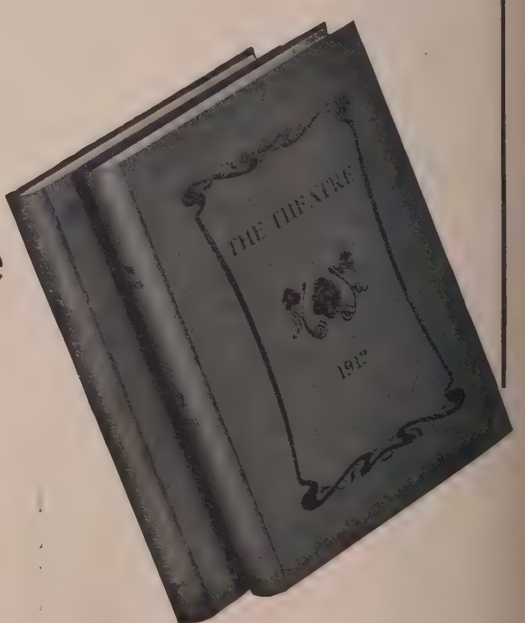

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Decline of the French Drama

THE occasional rumbles of thunder that have occurred during the past eight months were the advance guard of the storm that is shortly going to shake the very foundations of the Paris theatrical world. It would seem heresy to write or say anything against the Comédie-Française, but like many other ancient institutions, this histrionic organization of famous players has served its purpose and the sooner it is cast into the limbo of the past the better for the future of the French drama.

"Autre temps, autre moeurs!" The members of the younger school of dramatists—and even the efficient members of the older school—are handicapped by the bogey of the Théâtre Français and are driven to write with one eye on the foreign market, meaning the United States and England. Time was when the best and the best only was to be found at the Français, and even to-day, for the production of the classics, they have no equal, but now there is nothing but the wearisome repetition of weak plays interpreted by actors and actresses who are approaching the sere and yellow. Jules Claretie, the director of the Français, is a septuagenarian.

Some twenty-five years ago, when the French drama was already in a stagnant condition, there was a sudden upheaval in Paris theatrical circles. It savored of a revolution. A young man, energetic, unafraid, himself a good actor, broke away from tradition, and gave Parisians plays they wanted to see—plays with a "punch" as well as literary merit. His name was André Antoine, and, immediate success attending his efforts, he founded the Théâtre Libre. The earnest students of the drama—and in Paris they are legion—flocked to this theatre. No sooner was the position of the Théâtre Libre an assured one, when the Odéon snapped up M. Antoine, and made him manager. The position of the Odéon in those days was much the same as that of the Français to-day, but M. Antoine quickly galvanized it into a real full-blooded producing house, not only for the intellectual plays, but for dramas that reflected the multiple phases of modern life. Unfortunately, this state of things did not last very long; gradually the standard was lowered and to-day the position of the Odéon is only slightly better than its twin State-supported theatre.

To-day the French stage is in a state of dry rot. The fault is not with the public, who only ask for plays worthy of being seen; it is rather with the managers themselves that the fault lies. For some reason or other, both the American and the English managers have made it a custom to visit Paris at least once a year for the purpose of buying plays for adaptation. Some fine plums, undoubtedly, have been picked in Paris, but now that the Parisian managers dress the theatrical window for the express purpose of attracting the foreign impresario, the crop of plums is smaller and Parisians themselves have to be content with a rehash of the old successes. There are, perhaps, three dramatic authors to-day whose plays uphold the traditions of the French stage, but their plays are untranslatable, or, if adapted, lose any charm that they possessed. Whenever this is attempted, the result is usually a ghastly failure; it is like trying to transfer to canvass the bloom on a butterfly's wing. It cannot be done, and that is the real reason for the failure of the translated play in the United States and in England.

The younger authors, such as Bernstein, author of "The Thief," etc., whose reputation is now world-wide, stand apart from the Comédie-Française, but even Bernstein's latter plays lack the vitality of his earlier work. It is the mixing of Commercialism with Art that is ruining the French theatre. To take Bernstein as an example: When he wrote "Le Secret," his latest play, he was not satisfied with the terms offered for its production, so he rented a theatre and produced it himself. The experiment was not altogether successful, but the play has been secured for the United States. It may be asked in what way the Français is responsible for the decline of the French drama. The Théâtre Français receives State support and the reason for its existence is that it is the nominal home of the drama. Once upon a time this may have been true, but the Français has refused to advance with the times and the salaries accorded to its "pensionnaires" are below those paid actors in other theatres. In addition, and more important, new authors do not receive fair treatment. It is perhaps futile to say more under this heading, but over twelve plays accepted by the Français have been withdrawn by the authors and several of these have been, and others will be, produced at other theatres. This does not show a very healthy state of things.

White

SCENE IN "LIEBER AUGUSTIN," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE CASINO

For some time there has been something like mutiny in the camp of the Théâtre Français and the departure of Le Bargy was only the beginning of the débâcle. If the Français is to fulfill its destiny it should not be in competition as it is with other theatres, but the Spirit of Commercialism has, for some time, been knocking at its door. To-day the door is opened wide and Art creeps away to hide her head.

In short, the constant attempts on the part of foreign managers to find "winners" in Paris has had a bad influence on all French production. The foreign managers only require plays by French authors with a reputation; the name is but a bait to catch the travelling buyer of plays. On the other hand, the French authors themselves no longer try to write up to their former standard. Their sole preoccupation is to construct a play that will bring in fat royalties from across the seas.

HARRY J. GREENWALL.

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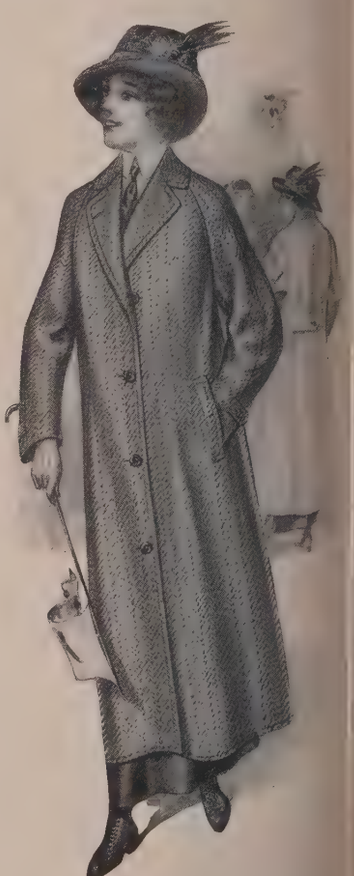
Tramping shoes, 6½ inches high, of brown calf; a necessary accompaniment both for style and comfort, most reasonably priced at $6.75.

FOR THE DAILY WALK

Jacquard brocaded cloth is the material used for this smart three-quarter model, which makes a special appeal for maternity wear, as it is cut loose with straight back, overlapping at side where buttons are cleverly introduced. Collar and cuffs are of silk mirrored brocaded plush. A messaline lining is used in either the material mentioned or in the basket weaves, fine broadcloths and heavy twill serges in which this model may also be had in practically all colors at the satisfying price of $19.75.



WHEN CLOUDS GATHER AND WINDS BLOW COLD

What smarter than a conventional English top coat in rough tweed. The coat shown is in excellent style coming in imported proofed tweed in gray, brown and green mixtures. The raglan or set-in sleeve and the slash pockets are features worth mentioning, as is the price of $30. In rubberized tweed at $22, it is a most attractive rain coat. This coat is not only durable, but suitable for all figures and is in good style for motoring, steamer wear or ordinary usages.

Names of shops where the costumes shown on this page may be purchased will be furnished on request. Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *8 West 38th Street, New York City.*

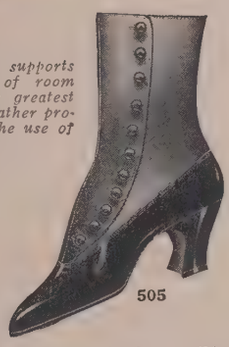
J & J SLATER

523

Rubber-soled golf boot, supports the arch—affords plenty of room for the toes. insures the greatest comfort. A toe-piece of leather protects the sole and allows the use of hobnails.

507

Black Russia walking boot—thoroughly serviceable walking boot made by our custom men—in a true custom manner. Cut from selected Russia leather. Two-inch military heel.



505

Kid top patent leather walking boot. In constructing this handmade boot the choicest skins have been cut. It is distinctive in having no tip and the half French heel.

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"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness"

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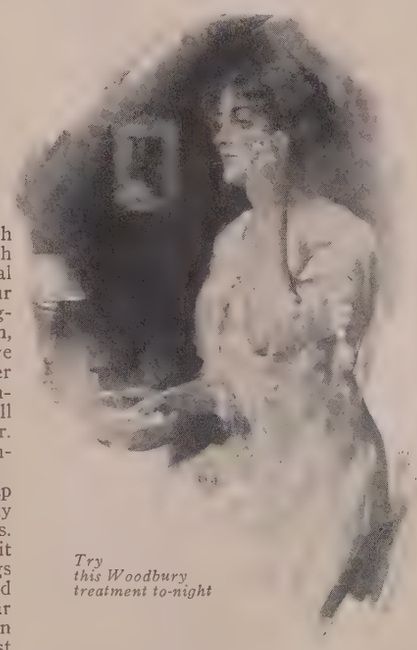
How to arouse a sluggish skin



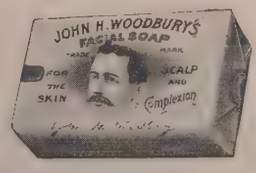
Try this Woodbury treatment to-night

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, use a flesh brush, scrubbing it for about five minutes until the lather makes it feel somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then cold water. Now rub your skin five minutes with a *lump of ice.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment, while it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the face and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. You can feel the difference the first time you use it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap



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For 4c. we will send a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c., samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. F-4 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. F-4, Perth, Ontario.

is heir to. These claims can be substantiated by your physician, who will tell you that there is no better way of reducing superfluous flesh than by perspiration

For those who cannot or do not go in for violent exercise, these garments may be comfortably worn at night with gratifying results. They are medicated by a private formula of a very eminent physician, who is the inventor and patentee, and are made to measure at prices that are within the reach of all. Besides, the jackets of various lengths, girdles, some of which are excellent substitutes for corsets, union suits and bath robes, there are gloves, stockings and ingenious devices, such as face masks, head bands. which are excellent for removing wrinkles, and chin straps, the latter as low as $2.

Men as well as women are benefited by these remarkable garments.

A Dip in the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

Time was when the practice of visiting a beauty specialist was resorted to in secret, but now that hygiene is so widely preached and practiced, women have at last the courage of their convictions and go openly to the beauty specialist, knowing that scientific beauty culture is not a luxury merely, but a duty and science, and commonsense tells us that we must care for and cul-

A FAIRY GOWN FOR THE DANSEUSE
A dancing frock for the debutante that is of fairy texture, and coloring being developed in chiffon with beaded tunic. The skirt clears the floor, and is finished with a fringe of beads permitting fascinating glimpses of silken ankles and satin-shod feet. A frock for misses and small women in all colors of the rainbow, at $29.50.

AN INNOVATION—THE FOUR PIECE SUIT
A decided novelty is a four piece suit which we illustrate. It consists of a cutaway coat of Cheviot, bound with braid, a smart plaid vest, two plaid skirts of ultra fashionable line, one plaid and one of Cheviot, matching the coat. The result is not one but two smart street costumes for $35.
The vest is fashion's latest caprice and one to be reckoned with when the tailor-maid goes forth to conquer.

A PEASANT VESTEE IS A FEATURE
In this clever blouse of chiffon cloth, over net with hemstitching introduced, and crystal buttons in floral design. A fascinating glimps of lace is caught under the chiffon and extending over the shoulders. Price $7.50.

WHEN THE STORK HOVERS OVER THE HOUSEHOLD
A woman longs to retain her grace and charm. This lovely gown in either black, blue, taupe, wistaria or white crêpe de chine, at $44.75, is an investment she will never regret, for so skilfully are the draperies manipulated that one is attracted to the gown for general usage as well. The elongated panel effect hangs entirely free from an expanding belt, and bright touches of Oriental silk plush are used as trimming.

OVER THE TEA CUPS
The hostess has added charm who is arrayed in this adorable gown of crêpe de chine and lace, relieved with touches of hand embroidery; a most wonderful gown for the matron who is not going about as much as usual. The embroidery is lovely in either self or contrasting shades, and the gown in all colors is a wonder for $34.75. Particularly smart is the cut of the train and the chic arrangement of ribbon loop ending the panel.

A YOUTHFUL SUGGESTION
There is nothing severe about the gracefulness of this model, which may be had in serge, broadcloth, velour, ribbed velvet and the fascinating new peau de peche, well-named, since its resemblance to the skin of a peach is obvious. Bands of skunk make a smart finish for neck and wrist. The coat with its clever vest suggestion is belted across the back, and the skirt, cleverly draped, is strapped in at the knees.

Names of shops where the costumes shown on this page may be purchased will be furnished on request.
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This Silk Creed appears on the wrapper of every piece of Migel-Quality Silk:

"To see a little further into Fashion's future; to dig a little deeper for quality production; to know no mean between right silks and wrong silks; to be satisfied never with good enough but always to supply even better than the customer expects."

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Illustration: Evening Gown of Migel-Quality Egyptian Crepe Created for the American Fashion Show, New York.

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No. 89. FUR TRIMMED COAT of Imported Boucle cloth, in taupe, navy or brown, with handsome collar of mole coney fur, also black with collar of French seal fur, semi-loose fitting model, revers of material, (can be buttoned to neck), deep cuffs, patch pockets, fancy bone buttons, lined throughout with satin,

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"CORRECT DRESS"
Mailed out-of-town upon application to Dept. "T"

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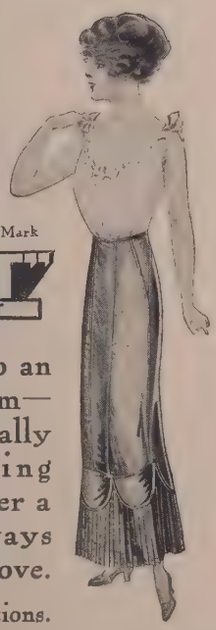

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is a sure aid to an attractive form—it's the one really perfect fitting petticoat—never a wrinkle—always smooth as a glove.

Needs no alterations.

Messaline and Silk Jersey, $5.00

Cotton at $1.50, upwards

AT ALL STORES

"Penny Wise and Pound Foolish"

applies to the woman who will spend a pretty sum on her Fall apparel, yet will hesitate at 35 cents for the advice of French fashion experts.

To get the most out of your Fall investment—to be absolutely sure that you are choosing the *"correct"*, consult first the October Number (November Fashions) of L'Art de la Mode—now out.

All newsstands or from the publishers : : 35 cents a copy

L'ART DE LA MODE, 8-14 West 38th St., New York

A JENNY MODEL
A reproduction of a Jenny model losing none of the ultra fashionable lines of the original. The material used is the new and lovely velour de laine. Brick red or terra cotta, the new snuff and leather browns, olive, navy and black may all be had for the modest price for so exclusive a model as $65.

tivate our bodies as we do our minds or our worldly estates.

Just at this season the ravages of the Summer sun leave much to be overcome. The long exposure to wind and weather has helped our bodies and has developed our souls, but chances are, our complexions have suffered and our skins need a tonic, which will make it able to stand the sudden changes from hot rooms to cold winds and resist sun and all the troubles of a variable climate. An excellent tonic is put up for $5, $2 and 75c. per bottle, according to size, or may be purchased by the half gallon at a proportionately lesser figure. This tonic is to be used instead of water, and not only strengthens the skin, but also whitens it and eliminates the puffiness which is formed under tired eyes.

A dip in the Fountain of Perpetual Youth could hardly have resulted in more marvellous transformations than may be obtained by the use of a muscle-developing oil which removes disfiguring lines from the face as if by magic and fills out unsightly hollows. The result is rejuvenation, and a skin healthy, firm and altogether desirable for the expenditure of $5, $2.50, or even a dollar, according to the size of the bottle.

There is also a most refreshing cream, whose secret comes from the East, where the cult of beauty is so devoutly followed, that may be used with the muscle-developing oil. This cream is made up to suit the different requirements of the individual.

THE CHARM OF DE MEDICI
Is repeated again in this lovely blouse of Point d'Sprit, having a collar of the de Medici period, with under collar and cuffs of satin. Crystal buttons naturally suggest themselves as trimming. The price is $5.50.

among these being the material from which they are made. A fabric which is pliable and yet which has sufficient strength to support the body has long been sought and at last been found. It is a material of silk-like richness, and has the pliability of the Tricot weaves, but will not stretch or pull out of shape.

For the stout woman this means luxurious comfort and the fact that it may be laundered without detriment to wear and appearance gives it added value. A well-known corsetierre has had this material manufactured solely for her use and named for her, and is using it with remarkable success. These corsets are made to one's measure and fitted, as all models from this establishment are made with the greatest skill, so that it may be truly said it is the corset with nature's perfect outlines, proportions and poise. Prices range from $5.

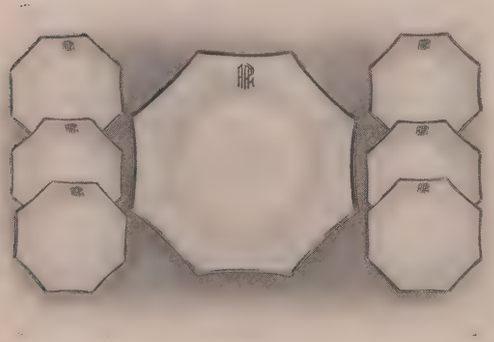
UNMISTAKABLY FRENCH
Bernard was the creator of this practical model which has been reproduced in Duvetyn, ribbed velour, velvet and corduroy. A touch of raccoon is affective on Havana brown, bordeaux, bronze, navy and black, the colors in which this suit may be had in cloth for $65, velvet or corduroy.

A New Fabric for Corsets.

Being correctly corseted is a necessity if one would be smartly gowned, to say nothing of being comfortable. There are many things which go to make a good corset, not least

A Timely Suggestion in the Matter of Reducing.

A most satisfactory reducing salve has been put on the market, which sells for the ridiculously low price of $2 per jar. This salve reduces unhealthy fat, at the same time acting as a corrective by feeding the nerves and building up strong, healthy tissues. The treatment is simple in the extreme, consisting only of the application of the salve to the desired parts with the tips of the fingers, allowing it to remain from twenty minutes to a half hour, when it is removed with hot water. No change in one's daily routine of living is necessary, and fasting and denying one's self the good things of the table has no part in the scheme. Surely no easier method of reducing could have been devised.



SERVING SALAD OR BERRIES ATTRACTIVELY
The above may be used both as a salad or berry set, and makes a remarkably reasonable gift. Its price, in the finest Limoges, with pure coin gold encrustations, being only $9.90. Additional saucers sell for 75 cents and may be had at any time. Ones individual taste in monograms may be carried out or the family crest substituted for only a slight variance in price.

DAINTINESS IS THE PREVAILING FEATURE IN BLOUSES
Here is one that is of fairy-like texture, being fashioned of fine net over flesh-colored chiffon. There is a frill and collar of plaited net and a smart vestee finished with pearl buttons, and a black satin bow for $7.50.

MILADY'S MORNING CHOCOLATE
What a delightful gift would be this Colonial chocolate s the finest Limoges china, decorated, as shown, with pure gold monogram and bands. Its price is but $17.95 with distinctive monogram design. A tray to match being only $ and additional cups and saucers $1.20. The more conveni script monogram lessens the price and is quite as attra.

Names of shops where the costumes shown on this page may be purchased will be furnished on request.
Address The Theatre Magazine, *8 West 38th Street, New York City.*

A Great Big Surprise Party!

For months we have been planning this great big surprise party, which will be all ready with the next issue of L'Art de la Mode.

We have told you that with the November Number (*December Fashions*), L'Art de la Mode will don a brand new dress. *But this is not all—*

Through the reduction in size to 10½ x 14 inches, L'Art de la Mode now contains sixty pages instead of thirty-eight as heretofore.

Sixty pages filled with the most wonderful things you can imagine!

The birth of the new L'Art de la Mode marks the birth of a magazine with a double personality. While in no way detracting from its reputation as the leading fashion authority, L'Art de la Mode will now be known as a magazine of general interest.

It is a publication which will appeal to the women readers of *The Theatre Magazine*, for it is a journal of class and distinction, and covers just the subjects in which the up-to-date American woman is interested.

After you have seen the next issue of L'Art de la Mode—the first number with the new changes and improvements—you will lose no time in arranging to receive it regularly. Although it has increased one-hundred-fold in its editorial and news value, the subscription price remains the same—**$3.50 yearly.**

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

(December Fashions)

will be published October 20th

Place your order now with your newsdealer, or send it direct to the publishers

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---if one only knows how!"

and with Vogue at hand, it is easy to know how—so easy in fact that dowdiness in dress becomes inexcusable. Smart dressing is not nearly so much a matter of income as of information---the longest purse does not by any means turn out the smartest gown. It is the little things that count—the tiny modifications, the incidentals and accessories. And for just these highly important trifles, the woman who realizes the importance of really distinctive dressing turns invariably to her

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Kreisler and the Violin

To the layman, violins look about as much alike as peas in a pod, but by the expert, the really famous instruments are often better known than are their owners—perhaps because the instruments themselves survive the generations, whereas the owners do not. One of the best instances of this occured only recently. It concerns Fritz Kreisler, and was told by Kreisler himself during a dinner given at his home in Berlin.

Mr. Kreisler, on his way to London where he had a recital engagement, found himself in Antwerp with a couple of hours to spare. It was a rainy afternoon, and the great violinist, bundled up in a raincoat and soft hat, wandered through the streets somewhat bedraggled in appearance, with his favorite violin cuddled up in the hollow of his arm. In the window of a curio shop he saw a violin which interested him, and stepped into the store and made some inquiries concerning it. A moment's examination satisfied him there was nothing noteworthy about the instrument.

"I see you have a violin yourself," said the shop-keeper by way of making conversation.

Mr. Kreisler, welcoming anything to relieve him of the ennui of waiting for the boat, replied:

"Yes, I have a pretty good fiddle here; would you like to see it?" and opening the case showed the shop-keeper his famous Stradivarius, without comment of any kind.

The man looked at it with evident admiration and threw a somewhat astonished glance at his unknown customer. Kreisler, scenting a joke, said:

"Would you like to buy it?"

"Oh, no," said the man, "I haven't the money to buy such a violin."

"Make an offer for it," urged Kreisler.

"Impossible," the man replied, "I couldn't possibly buy such a violin and I couldn't even make you an offer for it—but, by the way, I have in my home a very good Klotz which I should be glad to sell you at seven hundred marks."

Mr. Kreisler, prompted by curiosity, continued to urge the shop-keeper for a bid, but the more he urged the more the shop-keeper urged the value of his Klotz. Finally knowing that seven hundred marks was a very modest price for a violin of that make, Mr. Kreisler asked if it was in good condition and if he might see it. The shop-keeper assured him that the violin was in excellent condition and that his errand boy could get it in ten minutes. Mr. Kreisler agreed to wait. The boy was promptly dispatched and after a short interval returned, not with the violin but with a policeman.

"Arrest that man," shouted the shop-keeper, pointing to his unknown customer, "he has Fritz Kreisler's violin."

Mr. Kreisler, somewhat startled but appreciating the humor of the situation replied, "Well—but—you see *I am Kreisler.*"

"Oh, no, you're not," said the shop-keeper, whereupon the policeman took a hand, saying the charge was serious and asking if the shop-keeper was positve of his statement, at the same time moving to within easy grappling distance of the virtuoso.

"I am absolutely certain," was the reply, "that this is Kreisler's violin. This man brought it here and tried to get me to buy it. Let him deny it if he can. He did his best to dispose of that violin. Now he says that he is Kreisler—trying to sell his own famous Stradivarius for anything he can get. Arrest him, I say, or I'll hold you responsible."

The situation was becoming serious.

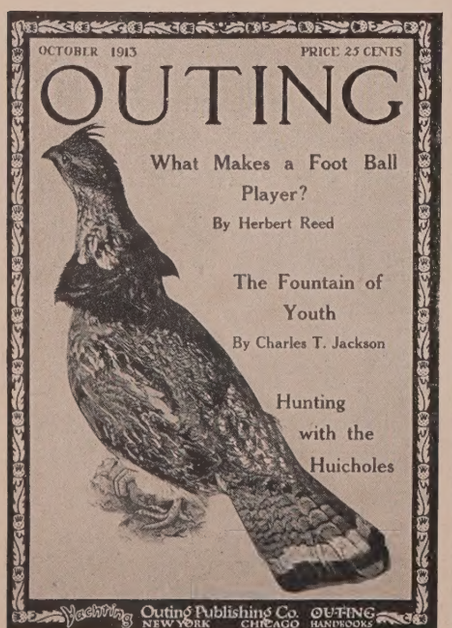
Mr. Kreisler, realizing that his time was short, offered to play for them and so prove his identity. His offer was rejected. Then he asked that they accompany him to the boat where his personal baggage would establish his identity. This, too, was refused, but finally an idea occured to the shop-keeper, and addressing Mr. Kreisler, he said:

"There is just one way in which you can prove to me that you are Kreisler. I have in my home a Victor talking machine and a record of "Caprice Viennois" (Kreisler's own composition). If you hear that record just once and then play it for me correctly, note by note, I will accept that as proof."

In spite of the protestations, Mr. Kreisler was marched through the streets of Antwerp, with the shop-keeper on one side and the policeman on the other, to the former's house, where the proposed test was made.

Mr. Kreisler lost his boat, but among his souvenirs he now has an antique cameo ring which was given him by a sadly humbled old man who keeps a curio shop in Antwerp.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles



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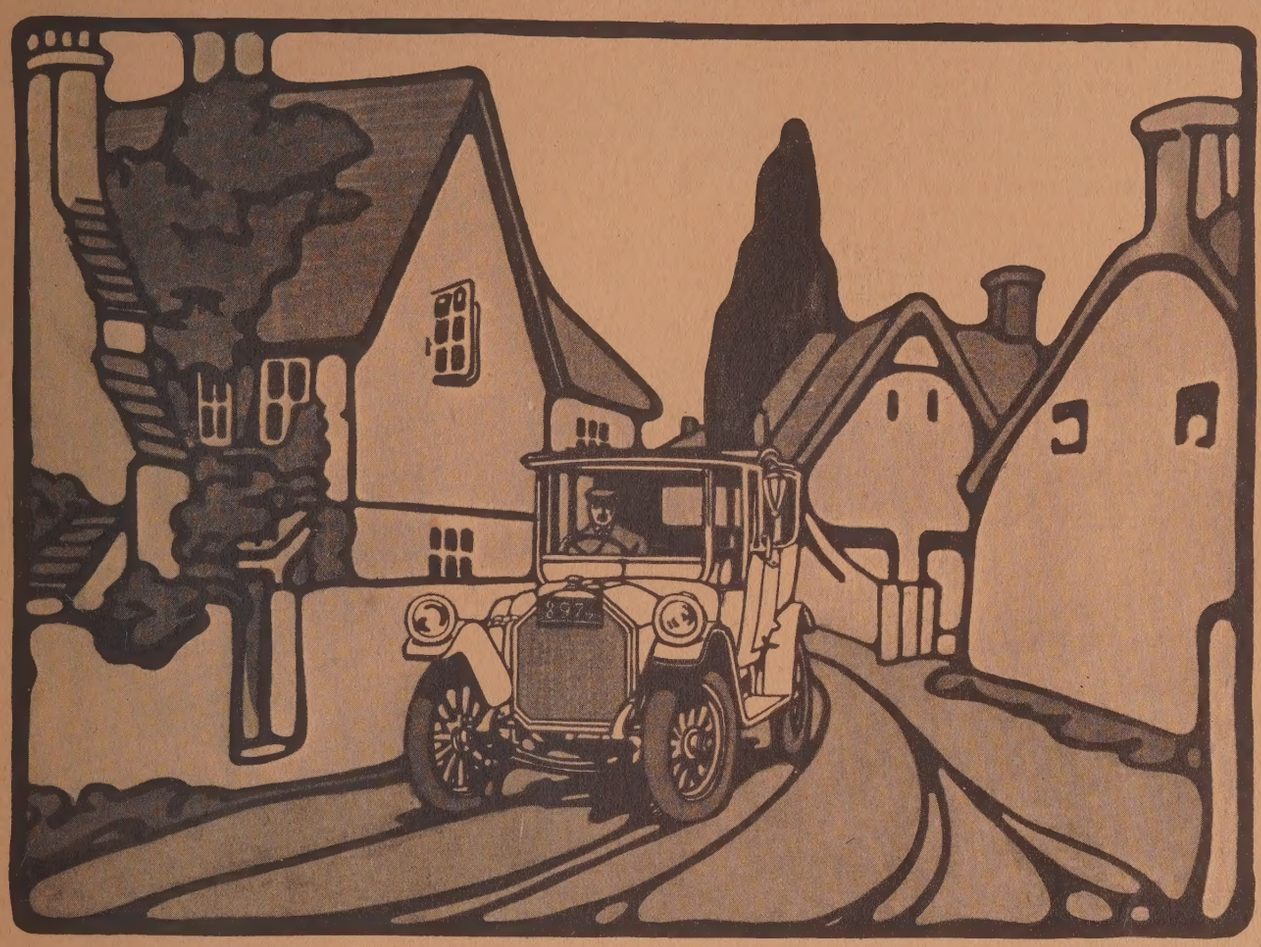

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